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MEMOIRS

OF A

TRAVELLER,

NOW IN RETIREMENT.

MEMOIRS 1807

OF A

TRAVELLER,

NOW IN RETIREMENT.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

INTERSPERSED WITH

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND POLITICAL

ANECDOTES,

RELATIVE TO

MANY OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES OF THE PRESENT AGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, UNDER THE SUPERINTENDANCE OF THE AUTHOR.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MEMOIRS

OF A

TRAVELLER.

PART II.

CHAPTER X.

The Bailli de Solar.—Sterne: laughable Mistake.—Madame de Boufflers.—The Prince de Conti.—Return to London.—History of Lieutenant Campbell.—Conclusion of Peace.

THE Bailli de Solar received me very politely: he acquainted me with the state of the negociations, and desired me to remain at Paris, until something was done. I wished for nothing better.

He invited me to dine with him; and knowing that I was acquainted with his father, the Marquis de Breille, he behaved very kindly, and treated me with the utmost frankness. He gave me a striking proof of his confidence one day, after dinner, when we were alone. We were talking of the Duke de Choiseuil, with whom I knew him to be very intimate. He had been acquainted with him at Rome, where he was ambassador when the Duke arrived there in the same capacity, and contracted a close friendship with him. Being afterwards ambassador at the court of France, at the time when the Duke de Choiseuil came into the ministry, he attached himself entirely to him; and gained his confidence by the zeal which he manifested for the glory of his friend, and by his unceasing solicitude for his interests. M. de Solar was a man of wit and genius,

and he frequently passed whole hours alone with M. de Choiseuil. This circumstance occasioned a report that the Duke was governed by his advice; and there were not wanting persons, envious of the favour he enjoyed, who took care to make the minister acquainted with the rumour, certain of the effect which it would produce upon his mind. Accordingly, without any suspicion of the cause, M. de Solar suddenly perceived that the Duke entirely altered his conduct towards him; and far from seeking his company, avoided him, and treated him with the greatest coolness. An explanation was requested; but M. de Choiseuil wished to avoid it. The Bailli however urging him, he had no alternative; and therefore confessed, that the alteration which had been observed in his conduct, was produced by the public rumour that he was governed by him. The Bailli,

sensible how important it was to remove such an impression from the mind of his friend, said, " But, my lord, you your- " self know whether I govern you." " True," replied the Duke ; " I know " very well that you do not ; but it is " necessary to remove even the suspi- " cion."—" You must then make up " your mind upon the subject," said the Bailli : " what do you mean to " do ?"—" That is the point that em- " barrasses me," said the Duke : " I " shall be sorry to have less of your " company, and yet I ought not to " countenance reports so injurious to " my honour."—" Hear me," replied the Bailli : " if, after what has been " said, you should seem to avoid me, " the world will have reason to believe " that you were actually under my in- " fluence, and that I did in reality go- " vern you. The only way to prove " that there is no truth in the report, is

" to act towards me as you have always
" done: and by such conduct you
" will clearly refute this vain calumny;
" for nobody can reasonably imagine
" that you would continue to sanction
" such reports, was there the least
" foundation for them."—" You are
" right, my dear ambassador," cried the Duke, embracing him: and from that time he continued to live on the same terms as before with the Bailli, who had the good fortune thus easily to turn aside the blow which had threatened to destroy his credit.

On the anniversary of the King's birth-day, Lord Tavistock invited the few English gentlemen who were then at Paris, to dine with him, in honour of the day. I was of the party; not one of which was known to me, except those with whom I had travelled to Paris. I sat between Lord Berkeley, who was going to Turin, and the fa

mous Sterne, author of Tristram Shandy, who was considered as the Rabelais of England. We were very jovial during dinner; and drank, in the English manner, the toasts of the day. The conversation turned upon Turin, which several of the company were on the point of visiting: upon which Mr. Sterne, addressing himself to me, asked me if I knew Mr. D * * *, naming me. I replied, " Yes, very in-" timately." The whole company began to laugh; and Sterne, who did not suppose me so near him, imagined that this Mr. D * * * must be a very singular character, since the mention of the name alone excited merriment. " Is not he rather a strange fellow?" added he, immediately. " Yes," replied I, " an original."—" I thought " so," continued he; " I have heard " him spoken of:" and then he began to draw a picture of me, the truth of

which I pretended to acknowledge; while Sterne, seeing that the subject amused the company, invented from his fertile imagination many stories, which he related in his way, to the great diversion of us all. I was the first who withdrew; and I had scarcely left the house, when they told him who I was: they persuaded him that I had restrained myself at the time from respect to Lord Tavistock; but that I was not to be offended with impunity, and that he might expect to see me on the next day, to demand satisfaction for the improper language which he had used concerning me. Indeed he thought he had carried his raillery too far, for he was a little merry: he therefore came the following morning to see me, and to beg pardon for any thing that he might have said to offend me; excusing himself by that circumstance, and by the great desire he had to amuse the

company, who had appeared so merrily disposed from the moment he first mentioned my name. I stopped him short at once, by assuring him that I was as much amused at his mistake as any of the party; that he had said nothing which could offend me; and that, if he had known the man he had spoken of as well as I did, he might have said much worse things of him. He was delighted with my answer, requested my friendship, and went away highly pleased with me.

I had a letter to present from Mr. Pitt to the Countess de Boufflers. Mr. Murray brother of Lord Elibank, who was called at Paris Count Murray, was one of her friends, and he introduced me to her. I never saw so much wit, grace, and beauty united in one person. Madame de Boufflers, at the age of thirty, had all the bloom of twenty: she was justly esteemed the most amiable

woman of her time; and the more she was known, the more she was admired. I shall hereafter frequently have occasion to speak of her; at present I shall content myself with saying, that I was delighted with her grace, her figure, and her understanding. Some days after, Count Murray gave a dinner to the Bailli de Solar, and invited me to be of the party. I had neither eyes nor ears for any object but Madame de Boufflers: every thing she said to me appeared to be superior to what fell from others. I had the honour to see her several times: she told me that she wished to go to London as soon as peace should be concluded; I offered her my services, and she asked me many questions relative to the journey, which she had a great desire to undertake. I paid her a visit one day when the Prince de Conti was with her. She presented me to him: he asked me several questions concerning

my motives for renouncing France, and attaching myself to England; and when I had explained them, he turned to Madame de Boufflers, saying: "Really, "Madam, he is right; we well deserve "it." This is not the place to speak of the Prince de Conti, who has merited the greatest praise. I shall wait till I come to that part of my life when I had the happiness to approach him more nearly, though I fear that my conception of his merit will not be seconded by a pen capable of properly expressing it. He entertained the liveliest attachment to Madame de Boufflers, and was constantly affording her the most indubitable proofs of it. She was duly sensible of the value of such a friendship, and returned it in a suitable manner.

I had been about a month at Paris, when the Bailli de Solar told me it was useless for me to remain there any longer:

that he considered the negociation as broken off; and that if it should be renewed, it might be carried on with the Count de Viry at London. I therefore received a passport to go by the way of Calais; and arrived at London, where I was received by Mr. Mackenzie as if I had been his own son. A few days afterwards he presented me to the King; and I had the honour to kiss hands, to my great regret, for from that moment my appointment ceased. His Majesty, however, graciously condescended to speak of me very favourably to Mr. Mackenzie, which somewhat raised my hopes.

On the next day Mr. Mackenzie sent for me, to assist him in arranging some memorials; a dull kind of employment, which in no way pleased me. When a place was vacant, his influence was solicited by twenty applications; and this circumstance distressed him, be-

cause he could only oblige one person, and of necessity made nineteen out of twenty dissatisfied. His feeling and compassionate heart was afflicted on these occasions; but he was more than recompensed when he could benefit those he loved, and I may venture to say that he omitted no means of serving them. He avoided all premature promises; but when he could bestow a favour, he was always much happier than those whom he had obliged. This reward assisted him in sustaining a load of business and care, which weighed heavily upon him; but I had no recompence to balance all the drudgery of a disagreeable office. Mr. Mackenzie would often say to me: "You "are one of my friends: you must "wait; the most urgent must be served "first, but you shall lose nothing." I entered into his motives, and encouraged myself with hopes. Sometimes, in-

deed, I would try my influence to oblige some petitioner; but Mr. Mackenzie had his own plans and his own favourites, and I could not obtain the only consolation which could have rendered such a situation supportable.

There was an old officer whom I frequently saw on these occasions. His name was Campbell: he was seventy-three years of age; tall, thin, and ill-made, something like the old commander whom Gil Blas describes as having served so well under the Count de Lerma. All that I could do for him at first was, to procure him an audience: his request was then laid aside, and was thought of no more. He frequently came to me, to keep me in mind of him. One day I offered him an arm-chair, but he would not take it. "Alas! "Sir," said he, "it is not for me to "take my ease when I am without "bread." He then related his adventures

to me. He had spent his whole life in the service: he was only a lieutenant; had even been reduced, and was now on half-pay; he had seen three of his sons killed successively by his side, and had now no support remaining. He excited my pity, and I determined to make another attempt in his favour. At night, after supper, I ventured to introduce the lieutenant's story. "Ah! my dear Du-" chillou," said Mr. Mackenzie to me, "a truce with solicitations to-night; I "have had enough of them the whole "day long: I conceive myself in my "sanctuary when I retire to the bosom "of my family; pray do not rob me "of that idea." He was right, and I held my tongue: but I declare that my sleep was disturbed by the recollection of poor Lieutenant Campbell; the arm-chair which he had refused in so affecting a manner; his three sons killed by his side; his being at seventy-

three a disbanded lieutenant, wanting bread; all these ideas agitated my mind so violently, that I could not rest. I rose early in the morning: Mr. Mackenzie was gone to a little villa which he had at about three miles from town, whither he frequently retired. I recollected that he was very fond of Gil Blas; we sometimes read it together, and nothing afforded him more amusement. Captain Don Annibal Chinchilla occurred to my mind; I found a great resemblance between Captain Campbell and the description which Gil Blas has given of Chinchilla. I wrote a memorial for Mr. Mackenzie, which I signed "Gil Blas the Younger;" and in it I solicited his favour in behalf of a second Chinchilla. I learnt by the servant who had carried him the note, that he smiled when he read it, and that he shewed it to Lady Betty; which I considered as a good omen.

Two days afterwards he returned from the country; sent for me into his study; and told me to write in a book, which he kept for the registry of the names of those persons who were recommended to him. I was agreeably surprised when he dictated, among others, the name of Lieutenant Campbell, recommended by Mr. * * *, mentioning me. "Well, "Gil Blas the Younger," said he, smiling, "are you satisfied?" I did not fail to thank him; and I soon had the pleasure of announcing to my *protégé*, that he was appointed to the office of a receiver of the revenue in his own county in Scotland. The poor man shed tears of joy, and went away loading me with blessings.

About this time the negociations with France were renewed. The King desired peace: the Duke of Newcastle, who did not in truth wish for it, had resigned the post of prime minister;

and Lord Bute had taken his place, with a view to bring the negociation to a happy conclusion. The manner in which the affair was conducted was this: Lord Bute received his orders from the King, and communicated them to his brother; Mr. Mackenzie communicated them to the Count de Viry, minister from the King of Sardinia, in whom he had the greatest confidence: the Count de Viry wrote to the Bailli de Solar at Paris, who conferred with the Duke de Choiseul; and when an article was agreed upon, it was communicated officially through the channel of Lord Egremont. To remove important obstacles, Lord Bute and the Duke de Choiseul corresponded; and I was sometimes employed to translate into French part of a letter, or some phrases; by which I saw enough to conjecture the rest, without being informed of it. When the preliminaries were

settled (towards the end of 1762), the Duke of Bedford was sent to Paris, and the Duke de Nivernois came to London, to sign them. It was upon that occasion, when the Duke de Nivernois, who was a little thin man, arrived, that Mr. C. Townshend observed, that they had sent the preliminaries of a man to sign the preliminaries of peace. The Count de Viry, who had so conspicuous a share in this negociation, was one of the most extraordinary men, and one of the most subtle politicians of Europe, or rather the politician who used the most *finesse*. Circumstances confirmed his character. He belonged to an ancient family of Savoy: his father and mother, who were not fond of him, had forced him to enter a convent when he was very young, and to become a monk of the Benedictine order. He had taken the vows with great repugnance; and his younger brother, Baron de Viry, af-

ter the death of his father, took possession of the property of the family. But the Count de Viry found means to get released from his monastic vows by the Pope, and to regain possession of the patrimony of his ancestors. He afterwards went into Sardinia, where he obtained some employment. He returned thence, and was appointed chief clerk in the war office, under the Count de Bogin: but as he had been placed there by the Marquis d'Ormea (who then governed that country) in opposition to the wishes of the Count de Bogin, the latter left him to dance attendance in the office, without employing him. Tired of this situation, the Count de Viry requested his dismission; and was sent minister from the King to Switzerland, and thence he went to Holland. He afterwards came to England, and conducted himself so adroitly as to please all parties;

but as soon as he perceived fortune would declare for Lord Bute, he became openly attached to him, and gained his confidence. He was desirous of resigning his situation in favour of his son; and wrote to his Court (at the time when Mr. Mackenzie was there), requesting that since the state of his health would not allow him to remain any longer in England, he might be recalled, and that his son might be appointed in his place. The King granted only half of his request; he recalled him, but he appointed the Count de Lascaris in his place. The Count de Viry, thus frustrated in his intention, then wished to remain; and for that purpose he solicited the English ministry with so much force, that Mr. Mackenzie received orders to represent to the King of Sardinia, that his Britannic Majesty would see with pleasure the continuation of the Count de Viry at London. The King of Sardinia, in

the first instance, refused his consent; but he was given to understand, that if he recalled the Count de Viry, he might dispense with sending the Count de Lascaris, as he would not be received. The King of Sardinia saw clearly that the Count de Viry was at the bottom of all this, and was much displeased with him; he even said that the Count deserved punishment: but he did not wish, at that time, to shew his resentment, nor to resist the desire of the Court of London; having it much at heart that his own ministers at London and Paris should negociate the peace, in the hope that his claims to Placentia and Guastalla would, by that means, be the better supported.

It is certain that the Count de Viry was necessary in this negociation: he conducted himself in it with all the prudence and dexterity of a consummate politician. He perhaps used too much

finesse and precaution, and attached too great importance to trifles. I saw him afterwards at the Court of Turin; where he affected the same mystery in the most trivial affairs, as he did in a treaty of peace: he always had some secret to tell you, and that secret generally turned out to be nothing; and, like Timante in the Misanthrope, he said every thing, even *Good day to you*, in a whisper.

At this period I might have made a considerable fortune, if I had chosen to avail myself of the opportunity. It is well known that the public funds in England are the barometer of the state; they rise or fall as affairs are prosperous or adverse: peace always raises them; thus any one who is in the secret, and knows how to take advantage of the favourable moment for buying into the stocks, may make an immense profit without laying out any money. Seve-

ral bankers proposed to give me half the profit, if I would communicate to them the proper time for purchasing: but I constantly refused their offers; and could never be prevailed upon to engage in such a traffic, as I considered it would be in some measure betraying the confidence reposed in me.

CHAPTER XI.

Misfortunes of Lady Molesworth and her Family.

THERE happened about this time (May, 1763) an occurrence in private life, which seemed to interest all London as deeply as if it had been an event in the issue of which the whole kingdom was at stake. It was attended with such extraordinary and affecting circumstances, that I conceive the reader will not be displeased at finding the particulars detailed in this place, carefully collected from the most authentic testimonies.

Lady Molesworth was the widow of Lord Molesworth, a field-marshal in the British army: she was a lady of

great accomplishments, handsome, intelligent, amiable, and affable; and devoted her whole care to the education of her family, which adored her. An unfortunate accident destroyed, in a few hours, the happiness of several years. A fire broke out in the house of Lady Molesworth at four o'clock in the morning: her ladyship was in bed with her eldest daughter, who was about sixteen years old; suddenly awaking, "Henrietta," said she, "I "hear a noise; I am almost suffocated "with smoke; is the house on fire?" Miss Molesworth leaped out of bed immediately, ran to the chamber-door, and attempted to open it; but the lock of the door was so hot that it burnt her hand. Finding herself almost stifled, she ran to the window for air: and as she opened it, the door gave way to the violence of the flames; which, filling the room in an instant,

obliged Miss Molesworth to throw herself out of the window, and she fell senseless. There were pointed iron railings in the front of the house; Miss Molesworth fell upon one of these, and broke both her leg and her thigh. She was carried into an adjoining house, which happened to be Lady Grosvenor's. Lord Grosvenor, her son, who had been informed that the fire was near his mother's, had hastened thither; and he now received the unfortunate young lady, whom he knew, and whom he loved. Nothing more was ever heard of Lady Molesworth: it is supposed that she was suffocated immediately after she had called her daughter; as her ring was found among her bones, and the remains of the bed.

To return to Miss Molesworth.—As they were carrying her up stairs at Lady Grosvenor's, she first opened her eyes, fixed them upon Lord Grosvenor,

and, without recollecting him, said, "Sir, are you my uncle?" He replied "no; that he was Lord Grosvenor." "Well, Lord Grosvenor," said she, "pray take care of me," and then relapsed into her former state of insensibility. The surgeon had already been called in: he was decidedly of opinion that she could not live, unless her leg were amputated above the knee; the operation was performed before she recovered her senses. When she came to herself, it was thought advisable not to acquaint her with the loss of her leg, least her grief at the circumstance might prevent that repose which was so necessary to her recovery; and the fever continuing, she remained in this state of ignorance for nearly two months. During that time, she frequently complained of painful shootings which she felt in her legs; and sometimes in the foot which in fact

she had lost. This illusion in the sense of pain, is easily accounted for. Sensation is in the nerves; the extremities of which were formerly in the foot, but since her loss they terminated above the knee: and the mind, accustomed to refer pain to different parts of the nerves, and ignorant of any part having been taken away, continued to think that the pain which was felt at the extremities, proceeded from the leg or the foot. To deceive Miss Molesworth, her other leg was wrapped up with pasteboard and bandages, and a second wrapper of a similar kind served to conceal from her the loss she had sustained. A lady, one of her relations, who was always with her, and who was appointed to acquaint her with her loss, at a suitable opportunity told me that she was more than fifteen days in devising different plans of informing her of her condition, so as

to prevent such unexpected tidings from being fatal to her health. For this purpose, she told her by degrees that the wound grew worse, and that it was probable she might be obliged to have her leg amputated. At last she brought her to express a wish that the operation had been performed while she was insensible, and she seized that moment to tell her that it was already done. When she heard this she turned pale, was silent for a minute or two, and then raising her eyes to her friend, "Well," said she, "I am "very glad that the operation is not "now to be performed."

During six months that she remained in the house of Lady Grosvenor, Lord G. omitted no attention which might contribute to sooth her misfortunes. When she was in a state to receive him, he passed the greatest part of his time with her, and exerted himself to amus

her; sometimes by a select company which was agreeable to her, and sometimes by little concerts: and such was his assiduous attention, that it was supposed there was some mixture of love in it. In fact, he was in love, but the delicacy and generosity of his conduct were not affected by his passion; his love was confined within the strictest bounds of compassion and respect, and he took every possible precaution to conceal even the effects of it. Among other things, he went to Miss Molesworth's guardian, and gave him a considerable sum, which he begged him to dispose of in favour of his ward, in case the accident that had happened should have injured her fortune by destroying the family papers; recommending to him, at the same time, the most rigorous secrecy: and it was not till some years afterwards, that Miss Moles-

worth, having occasion for the assistance, was informed of this.

Young Lord Molesworth was then at Westminster-school: his mother had sent for him on the evening of the accident, to pass some days with her; but by some mistake he never received the message, or he would in all probability have perished.

Two children of eight or nine years old were burnt in their beds, no one being able to rescue them from the flames.

Two other of her daughters twelve or thirteen years old, went up to the top of the house with their governess. The crowd assembled in the street had placed mattrasses and feather-beds upon the pavement, and called out to them to throw themselves down. The governess threw herself off first: she fell upon the pavement, and was shockingly mangled by the fall before the eyes

of her pupils. The eldest, frightened at the height she had to leap, said to the other: "Sister, I see that there is no "other way of saving ourselves but "by throwing ourselves down, yet I "have not courage to do it; pray "push me off, and jump after me." The youngest, without waiting any longer, pushed her sister, and jumped after her, and fortunately they both fell upon the feather-beds which had been spread out to receive them, and were saved.

I pass over in silence the grief of these young ladies for the loss of their mother, but I cannot help relating a very singular instance of the misfortune that pursued Miss Molesworth.

Some years after this accident, a young nobleman, who was both rich and amiable, became enamoured of that lady. She consented to become his wife; the marriage articles were

drawn and the wedding-day fixed; when, as they were riding together on horseback, the lover was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot, before the eyes of his mistress. She however married afterwards, and had several children.

One of the two youngest sisters who had thrown herself from the top of the house, afterwards married Mr Ponsonby, son of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

CHAPTER XII.

Duchillou prepares to return to Turin.—English Highwaymen.

PEACE was concluded towards the end of the winter of 1763; and this event terminated Lord Bute's ministry. He had accepted the seals only to accomplish that great work, and he resolved to resign them immediately as soon as it was effected. The King in vain solicited him to remain at the head of affairs. Lord Bute, though he had the soundest and best part of the nation on his side, could not support all the unpleasantness of an authority continually opposed; his health suffered from it, and he said to the King: "Sire, I may die in your

" service but I cannot live in it." The King replied: " I would rather lose my " minister than my friend," and accepted his resignation.

Mr. Mackenzie did not forget me on that occasion; he solicited a pension for me before his brother quitted the ministry, and this royal grant was the last official warrant he signed. At his request the King bestowed on me a pension of three hundred pounds, and Lady Betty Mackenzie was commissioned to inform me of it. I felt as I ought this new favour of my patron. I now saw myself independent; in possession of an income more than sufficient for my wants, and at perfect liberty to choose whatever way of life pleased me most. Who can doubt that I was happy and grateful? I did not fail to evince my gratitude to my benefactor; and I may venture to say that his satisfaction was as sincere as my own, for I

never saw him so well pleased at having served any one as he was on this occasion.

Soon after the peace, the Countess de Boufflers, being on the point of visiting England, wrote to inform me of her intentions. I did every thing in my power to shew my earnest desire of being useful to her; and among other things which I thought would be agreeable to her, I wrote to her at Dover, informing her, that Lady Mary Coke, sister of Lady Betty Mackenzie, would wait upon her when she arrived in London, and would present her at court. She came, and I was the first to offer her my services: but she found so many friends and acquaintances among the ladies of the court, that mine could be of no great use to her. It is needless to say that she was perfectly well received at court, and by the town. Not only were her manners amiable

and engaging, but people were anxious to see her as something singular. They fully appreciated her spirit of curiosity in visiting England: for she was the only French lady of quality who had appeared among them as a traveller during the space of two hundred years; as they did not comprehend in that class the ladies of ambassadors, nor the Duchess de Mazarin who came from necessity.

In the mean time, Mr. G. Pitt being anxious to return to England to arrange his domestic affairs, wrote to prevail upon me to go to Turin, in the hope that he might more easily obtain permission to come home if I were there to act as chargé-des-affaires. This was the very thing I desired: great as was my attachment to Mr. Mackenzie, my desire to return to Turin was too strong to be resisted; and the situation in which I might

be placed there, pleased me more than the obscure but quiet life I led in London. I did not dare, however, to propose such an affair myself to Mr. Mackenzie; but wrote to Mr. Pitt, to whom he could refuse nothing, desiring him to make application to my patron. Mr. Pitt wrote; and Mr. Mackenzie spoke to me of it as a thing in which he left me at perfect liberty to act as I pleased but which he imagined I would not accept. He was surprised to find himself mistaken; but perceiving that I persisted, he consented, though with regret, that I should return to Turin. While I was preparing to leave London, Mr. Mackenzie, who foresaw nothing to my advantage in this project, proposed to me two others which he deemed more eligible: one was to accompany Lord Hertford, (who was going ambassador to Paris), with the prospect of being appointed secretary

to the embassy upon the retirement of Sir Charles Bunbury, who would not remain long in that station; and the other was to go to Ireland with the Duke of Northumberland, who was appointed viceroy of that kingdom. He had spoken to both these noblemen on the subject, and I was introduced to them; but so eager was I to be reinstated in the situation which had once appeared so agreeable to me, that I listened to neither of these proposals. I absolutely determined to go to Turin; and I departed, after having taken leave of Mr. Mackenzie, not without shedding some very sincere tears at our separation.

I reached France without anything remarkable happening on the way, except a terrible fright that I experienced on my road from London to Dover. In England the roads are infested with robbers, especially in time of peace;*

* The reader will remember the period at which this was written.—*Editor.*

and most of all just after a war, when there is a general disbanding of soldiers and sailors. Precisely in the most obscure part of the road, a man on horseback, with a countenance not very much in his favour, came galloping across the fields towards my chaise, and ordered the postilion to *stop*. This word being the common salute of highwaymen, I thought myself already robbed; and took out my purse ready to deliver to the horseman, (for a traveller runs no other risk than that of losing his money): when, taking off his hat, he told me that General Craufurd was at his country seat about a mile from the spot; and knowing that I was to pass that way, had sent to request my company to dine with him. I accepted the compliment, and waited on the general. We laughed together at my fright, and on that occasion he related a pleasant anecdote respecting a noble-

man of his acquaintance who had been robbed on the highway.

Lord O—— was an imperious rough man, and had the misfortune to be deaf. As he was sleeping one day on the road in his post-chaise, he was stopped by a robber on horseback, who awoke him. "What do you want?" said Lord O——, angrily. "Money, "my lord." "What money? Are "you a robber? Are you the rascal "who has just awoke me so suddenly?" "Come, be quick!" said the other, "I "have no time to lose; I must have "your purse." "My purse!" exclaimed Lord O——, "indeed you shall "not; really you carry on a fine trade." He then pulled out his purse, which was full; and with his finger and thumb deliberately took out two or three guineas which he gave to the robber, saying: "There, that is enough for a "scoundrel like you: I hope to see

" you hanged some of these days." The robber was enraged to observe the indifference of Lord O —— ; who put up his purse, calling the man all the time rascal and scoundrel, and repeating that he hoped to see him hanged soon : but was so much awed by his manner, that he did not dare to insist in his demand of the purse, though he had a pistol in his hand to enforce it. This man's name was Boulter, and he was hung some time after (in 1778). His fate excited pity, because he had shewn several traits of humanity, which however are not rare among that class of men in England.

It was said of him, among other things, that one day riding on horseback on the high-road, he met a young woman who was weeping, and who appeared to be in great distress. Touched with compassion, he asked what

was the cause of her affliction; when she told him, without knowing who he was, that a creditor, attended by a bailiff, had gone to a house which she pointed out, and had threatened to take her husband to prison for a debt of thirty guineas. Boulter gave her the thirty guineas, telling her to go and pay the debt, and set her husband at liberty: and she ran off, loading the *honest* gentleman with her benedictions. Boulter, in the mean time, waited on the road till he saw the creditor come out, he then attacked him; and took back the thirty guineas, besides every thing else that he had about him.

I have known many persons who have been robbed in England; nothing is more common, though I myself was never in that situation. All agree in doing justice to the respectful behaviour which these robbers shew to those whom they put under contribu-

tion: I make use of this expression, because it seems exactly adapted for describing their manner of acting. It frequently happens that they give back to travellers enough to serve for the expenses of the rest of their journey, and some more gallant, when they meet a carriage in which there are ladies, rob only the men; and not the women, from whom they sometimes exact a salute.

Two ladies of my acquaintance, mother and daughter, coming one day from Dartford, were robbed at Blackheath by a very young man of good appearance, who stopped their carriage; and putting a pistol in at the window, demanded their purses. The ladies, who were much terrified, begged him to withdraw his pistol, which he did immediately, asking their pardon for the fright which he had occasioned them. He assured them that nothing but the

most pressing necessity could have led him to the act he was committing: and he accompanied these words with a manner so polite and so affecting, that the ladies became interested for him; and as they were very worthy people they entered into conversation with him. One of them said to him: "You are "very young, Sir, to be already employed as you are; and you expose "yourself to the most dreadful danger." "Alas! ladies," said he to them, "this is the first time in my life; "and the most distressed situation "compels me to what I am now doing: "death would be a thousand times "more pleasant to me." "I am so well "convinced of what you say," replied the mother, "that I am greatly mortified you did not meet us when "we were going to Dartford, where I "have paid away forty guineas, which "would have been at your service:

" but here is all the money that my " daughter and myself have remaining, " and I am very sorry there is so little " of it." He took what the ladies gave him, which did not amount to more than four guineas: but refused their watches, which they offered him; and withdrew, repeating in the most affecting manner his apologies for such conduct. On the next day the mother received the following letter from him; which I thought so well written, that I do not believe there are any of my readers who will be displeased with me for copying it.

" Madam,

" The crime which I have " committed is so unworthy of my birth " and my education, and the reflections " to which it has given rise in my mind " overwhelm me with so much confu- " sion, that I flatter myself you will

" excuse me if I conceal from you my
" name and condition. You may have
" perceived, Madam, by the violent
" agitation of mind I was in, when I
" stopped your carriage on Saturday
" night, that that was my first attempt.
" I drew back my pistol both from the
" fear of frightening you, and from an
" apprehension that the excessive tre-
" mor that had seized me might be the
" cause of an evil very far from my
" intention: for my arms were rather
" intended to be used against myself
" than any other person; and I took
" them with me as sure friends, which,
" if I had been pursued, would have
" been my last resource to save myself
" from the digrace of a public execu-
" tion.

" After I had committed the despe-
" rate act of robbing you, I pretended
" to take a route leading from town:
" but returned soon after, with the de-

" sign of concealing myself in Lon-
" don, to avoid being discovered; and
" being asked at the turnpike-gate if
" I had been robbed, I saw that you
" had given the alarm, and that rigo-
" rous pursuit would be made after me.
" I hurried on to London, and came
" in sight of your carriage at the very
" time you entered town; and as there
" was every appearance of a heart un-
" commonly humane and compassion-
" ate, in the interest which you ap-
" peared to take in my misfortunes,
" and in the kind advice which the
" thoughts of my danger induced you
" to give me, I alighted from my horse,
" and followed your carriage at a dis-
" tance, in order to discover the dwell-
" ing of the lady who had shewn so
" much benevolence and humanity for
" an unfortunate man so unworthy of
" it. Reflecting within myself how
" dreadful it would be to suffer an ig-

" nominious death, for a single impru-
" dent act to which extreme misery
" had absolutely forced me, I have ta-
" ken the liberty of addressing you
" this letter, in the hope that the
" same goodness which led you to
" commiserate my fate, will induce
" you to relinquish all search after me;
" or if my evil destiny wills that I
" should be taken, that you will not
" appear against me.

" I will not set before you the sad
" scene of calamity which I have ex-
" perienced; nor will I enumerate all
" the disgraces which have produced
" my ruin, and heaped upon me the
" greatest miseries. I fear that so
" woeful a picture would only give you
" pain; and would disturb that tran-
" quillity of mind, in which I pray
" God always to preserve you without
" the least interruption. I will only
" add, that if it is possible for you to

" conceive the smallest idea of the
" keen anguish which the conscious-
" ness of my fault has excited in me,
" you would think that I have already
" suffered more than death; and if the
" pardon which you have granted me
" is as full as my repentance is sincere,
" you will be disposed to pity the cri-
" minal, though you may detest the
" crime.

" Permit, Madam, the most un-
" fortunate of mankind, in testimony
" of his gratitude for all the goodness
" you have shewn him, to subscribe
" himself your very humble, &c."

The ladies communicated this letter to me; and consulted me on what means they could take to relieve in his misfortunes a man who, by his sentiments and his expressions, appeared to merit the compassion of feeling minds. I took a copy of the letter, which I read

in several companies; and it produced such an effect, that I could have ventured to calculate upon raising a sum of five hundred pounds for him, if I had been able to discover him. I took all possible means for that purpose; and inserted an advertisement in the daily papers, which was calculated to inspire him with confidence to address me: but whether it was that he never saw it, or that he had some distrust, I heard nothing of him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Duchillou visits his Father.—Arrives at Turin.—Disagreements between Mr. Pitt and his Lady.—A singular Presentation.

I REMAINED only a few days at Paris, to consult the most skilful surgeons and oculists of that capital upon the inflammation of my eyes; which still continued, and began to excite some uneasiness in my mind for the consequences. They told me, what the most respectable of their profession had told me at London, that it would be of no consequence; but none of them cured me.

I now felt the utmost impatience to

see my parents again, and to give them some proofs of my success. My native place was not in the direct road to Turin, but that did not prevent my object. I had previously informed them of my design; and as chance would have it, the *Gazette de France* happened to mention, at the same time, that I was going to succeed Mr. Pitt in his ministry: so that my arrival at my father's door was a sort of triumph for him; and as it was very natural to suppose that he would be proud of it, I dispatched a courier an hour before me, that I might arrive with an air of importance, and a parade which might serve to increase the general impression of my consequence. All objects of vanity are relative. A trivial event produces the same sensation in a provincial town, as the greatest produces in the capital; the difference is, that the *éclat* of the latter is more extensive. My

father and mother were delighted to see me; all their friends and neighbours came to partake in their joy, and to congratulate them upon having a son who did honour to his country. I, who knew how to appreciate my situation, and who did not think it so brilliant as it appeared to them, was ashamed at being exhibited for a far greater wonder than I really was: and only joined in the farce to give pleasure to my father; who told me that I had infused a balm into his heart, as he walked with me from house to house to shew me to his friends.

The credit I then obtained in my native place was never impaired, for foreseeing that the delusion could not last long, I determined to quit it before my consequence was lessened. I took leave of my father, telling him that the affairs of the King my master did not permit me to prolong my stay; and then de-

parted, highly satisfied with having given so much joy to my worthy parents. I examined myself thoroughly after my departure: I found that to afford them pleasure was the real motive of my conduct; and without wishing to inquire too deeply whether I ought not to have acted with more modesty, I waved a more rigorous examination, and concluded that it was fortunate for me that I had not carried my vanity still farther.

At length I arrived at Turin, where Mr. Pitt expected me with great impatience. I found him in possession of the best society at Court. He had succeeded, for he was accustomed to succeed wherever he went: he was a handsome man, and possessed insinuating manners; nobody had been more in the fashionable world in England than he had, where he had met with the same success that he experienced at Tur-

When he was very young he had married Mrs. Pitt, who was the handsomest woman of her day, and of whom he was passionately fond: their love for each other continued for some years after their marriage; but the dissipation in which they were both involved, had interrupted their attachment. A female friend of Mrs. Pitt accomplished the rest. I shall call this woman Amarante; and not mention her name, as I can say nothing good of her. She had been connected in friendship with Mrs. Pitt for many years; and passed the greatest part of her time, both in town and country, with her. Mr. Pitt saw her at his house for two or three years, without paying much attention to her: but at last his hour of captivity arrived; she pleased him, and he gave her proof that she did so. They arranged the matter, and Amarante supplanted Mrs. Pitt in the heart of her husband.

Not contented with that triumph, she wished to govern the house of her friend: she set the husband against his wife, made her submit to her caprices, and presumed to tyrannise over her in matters of taste and amusement. Things were in this situation when Mr. Pitt was sent to Turin. Mrs. Pitt was to have joined him there: but she found excuses for staying in England; and Mr. Pitt had written to me to call upon her, and prevail upon her to go to him. After many conversations upon the subject, Mrs. Pitt acquainted me with her situation; and told me that she was ready to go to her husband, provided that Amarante would engage not to come to the house while she should be there. I attempted to reason with this woman, who affected to take the greatest interest in the welfare of Mr. and Mrs. Pitt. I waited upon her, and informed her upon what the re-union of

the husband and wife depended. It was then that she threw off the mask: she said that she was too good a friend to Mr. Pitt to consent to what was required of her; that it was necessary for his comfort that he should be separated from his wife, and that the sooner such an event took place the better. She related a thousand errors of Mrs. Pitt, which I did not believe; and she shewed me a letter which she had herself written to Mr. Pitt, in which she opened his eyes to the injuries that she said his wife had done to him. It was useless for me to prove to her, that the most important things of which she had accused Mrs. Pitt were absolutely false; she was one of those persons who will never be convinced of any thing against their own interests, and she persisted in sending the letter. I wrote to Mr. Pitt, to counteract these impressions; and when I saw him at Turin, I con-

versed with him on the subject: but this Amarante was completely mistress of his mind, and he would not listen to me. We even disputed so warmly one day upon the subject, that we were obliged to agree not to bring it again upon the *tapis*; and he set about preparing for his departure for London, in order to effect a formal separation, which he afterwards accomplished.

Such a circumstance was much to be regretted, for they were both very amiable. Mrs. Pitt once said to me, with all the ingenuousness possible: "Is it "not very strange that Mr. Pitt and I "cannot live well together? He is a "handsome man, and they say that I "am not ugly: he has wit; I am not "without it: he loves company, and "so do I; he is always in a good temper, and I am very mild: he is gallant, and I am not displeased at being told that I am handsome: I a-

" not jealous of him; he finds nothing
" in my conduct to reprove: and yet
" we are going to be separated; to the
" great astonishment of all who do not
" know by what arts that vile woman,
" whom I thought my friend, has ef-
" fected our disunion. So true is it, that
" nobody can form a right judgment
" upon events of which they are not
" eye-witnesses; or, at least, without
" being well acquainted with all the
" circumstances."

I have known few people with whom, in fact, it was easier to live upon good terms than with Mr. Pitt: he had a pleasing gaiety, an even and easy temper, a great deal of wit without any ostentation, and an upright and honest heart; so that, if he was wrong, he was always sincere. Knowing him to possess this last quality, as I did, I could never comprehend a circumstance, ridiculous enough indeed, in which

I was concerned. The first time that I was left chargé-des-affaires at Turin, I happened to have five English gentlemen to present to the Duchess of Savoy at once; and their rugged names formed a strange cacophony when they were pronounced all together: they were, Messrs. Dutton, Kenrick, Melikan, Kellikan, and Carmichael. This presentation produced a momentary embarrassment; because some of the younger ladies of honour, belonging to the Duchess of Savoy, happened to laugh. Having asked me for the names of these gentlemen in writing, these ladies made an amusement of them, by imposing a fine upon those who failed to pronounce them well and in rapid succession. I had related this one day to Mr. Pitt, and he had laughed at it. Two years after, on my return to England, having all the foreign ministers to dine with him, they happened to talk of singular

presentations at Court: each related his own; and, among others, Mr. Pitt mentioned that he had occasion to present Messrs. Dutton, Kenrick, Melikan, Kellikan, and Carmichael, at Turin, and that the King and the whole Court were highly diverted at their names. I could not dissemble my astonishment, at seeing with what confidence he related, in my presence, a circumstance as having happened to himself, which he had heard from me. Some of the ministers, who had been at Turin at the time, looked at me with a smile: I said nothing, and the story passed. I was unwilling to remind him of it afterwards, for fear of mortifying him: and I imagined that he must have related it so often, that he at last had been led to believe that it had really happened to himself; which however, in so short a space as two years, was a little extraordinary.

CHAPTER XIV.

Marquis de Breille.—Count de Viry, Minister of State at Turin.

I FOUND the little court of Madame Martin augmented by a new and very considerable subject. The Marquis de Breille, of whom I spoke in the commencement of the second part of these memoirs, had become enamoured of her. At eighty years of age, he had all the vivacity, memory, and gaiety of disposition, of youth: he passed all his time with her, and amused her more than all the young men by whom she was surrounded. In the morning he sent her a *bouquet*: at noon he went himself, to hear the news from her: he left her to go home to dine, and re-

turned after dinner to spend the rest of the day with her. In short, she assured me that she infinitely preferred the attachment of an old man, like the Marquis de Breille, who thought of nothing but pleasing her, to the love of a young spark, who thought only of pleasing himself, and who did not for a moment doubt that he produced the same effect upon every woman. The Marquis had lived so long in the best company in Europe, that he was an excellent repertory of the curious and amusing anecdotes of his time: he had a grace and ease in relating them, which gave them an additional value; and Madame Martin, who had a just and delicate mind, knew how to appreciate these qualities. She was flattered besides by the assiduities of a man who set off the power of her charms. She had learnt the art of playing him off against her husband, who did not dare to be of any

other opinion than that of the Marquis de Breille; and the Marquis exacted so little from her, that it was impossible to obtain so many advantages upon conditions less burdensome. Being always at her house when the Marquis was there, I profited by the connection between them.

The Marquis de Saint Germain, who had been ambassador at Paris, and was then secretary of state for foreign affairs, died, and every body was anxious to know who would succeed him. The Count de Viry was frequently mentioned. Having made a merit of negociating the peace, he had at last obtained permission from the Court that his son might succeed him at London. He had received magnificent presents from the Kings of France and England; among other things, a portrait enriched with diamonds, and a suit of hangings of the Gobelins ma-

nufactory, from his Most Christian Majesty. From his Britannic Majesty he had received a pension of a thousand pounds, and had afterwards retired to his estates in Savoy. Under pretence of ill health, he had hitherto deferred coming to Court; but the truth was, that he knew very well that the Marquis de Saint Germain could not endure him. He had reason to believe too, that the King still remembered his having been forced to permit his stay at London, by means which the Count had employed for that purpose. These reasons had hitherto prevented him from coming to pay his respects to the King, and he had always found some excuses for delaying his journey to Turin; but when he learnt that the Marquis de Saint Germain was dying, he set out for that city.

Life is like a game at backgammon; the most skilful make the best of it. The dice do not depend upon us in the

one case, nor do events depend upon us in the other; but it is the manner of applying them, that constitutes the difference of success. The Count de Viry particularly excelled in making the most of every thing that happened; and he shewed it clearly on this occasion. He travelled very slowly, so that he might not reach Turin before the death of the Marquis de Saint Germain. Every day during his journey he received secret intelligence of the state of his health; and he managed so well, that he arrived at the very moment when the Marquis was dying. He went to Court the next day; and, some days after, he made the King a present of the magnificent Gobelins tapestry which he had received from the King of France.

He was admitted to a private audience of the King, staid a long time with him, and after that he neither shewed himself at Court nor in public.

I went frequently to see him. He was always very anxious to know what was said respecting the nomination of a secretary of state. I related to him what I had heard; and when I told him that he was considered the successful candidate, he utterly disclaimed any such idea. He said "his health was in a bad state, he was tired of business, and he had already one foot in the grave: how could any one be so simple as to imagine that *he* would now go to mix in the bustle of courts and politics?" One night particularly he took so much pains to convince me of the force of all these reasons, that I gave way to them. I approved of his arguments, I admired his wisdom and his moderation, and was ready to stake any wager with Mr. Pitt that the Count de Viry would never be secretary of state. The fact is, that at the time when he talked to me in this manner, he was actually ap-

pointed; and had that very day received the King's commands, who made the appointment known on the following day to the foreign ministers. I was laughed at; and I was so offended at the falsehood of the new minister, that I hesitated whether I should go to pay my respects to him: but as I was compelled to transact business with him, I concealed my resentment, and reflected that I had more cause to blame myself for having commended his prudence. Duplicity is an unnecessary vice, and its first dupe is he who makes use of it. The Count de Viry thought he might give the lie to this maxim, because he had always attained his object: but if he had reflected, that it was not clear that with more sincerity he would have failed in his ends, and that if his character were once known, he would be deprived of the esteem and confidence of those who had to negoci-

with him, he would undoubtedly have been convinced, that sincerity and truth would have served him more effectually. Mr. Pitt set out for London the day after the Count's appointment, and congratulated me upon having to negociate with a minister so honest and so frank.

I have seen him carry *finesse* even to meanness. I once applied to him on an affair in which one of my friends was greatly interested: he told me to send him to him, and that he would do all he could to serve him. He saw him, and received him with extraordinary politeness. Some time after he sent for me, as early as eight o'clock in the morning. He spoke in high terms of my friend, told me that he considered the cause as his own, advised me to urge my point with zeal, and sent me away perfectly satisfied. I had scarcely got home, when my friend

came in laughing; and seeing that I was preparing to give him an account of my interview with the minister, he interrupted me, saying, "I have heard "it all: the Count de Viry sent for me "at seven o'clock; he wished me to "witness how much he had my affair at "heart, and made me conceal myself "behind a screen while he was talking "to you." Notwithstanding the favourable disposition which he wished to make us believe that he entertained for my friend, his business did not succeed; though the Count flattered himself that he had persuaded us that he had done his utmost to make it.

Nobody could boast of knowing the secrets of the Count de Viry: but as he must appear to place confidence in those from whom he wished to gain it, he would take you aside into the recess of the window, to tell you news which was already publi-

and if you were to tell him that it was in the Gazette: "Yes," he would reply, "but the Gazette is no authority, "and I am." He kept me one time three weeks in expectation of some important information which he wished to give me, and which would gain me credit with my Court. I waited upon him on the business; every day I sent a dispatch; but he always said, the news was not yet mature. At last, after an hour's preface, he told me the great secret. "Why, Sir," said I, "I wrote "this to my Court a month ago."— "No matter," replied he, "write it "again, and say that you had it from "me."

I thought once of breaking with him altogether. There were at that time five or six young Englishmen in Turin, each vying with the other who should be the wildest and most eccentric. One kicked a tradesman who came to ask

him for money; another threw his coachman off the box, because he did not drive him fast enough, and drove the carriage himself; a third insisted upon going on horseback upon the ramparts of the town, in spite of the sentinel who attempted to stop him, and threatened to blow out his brains if he resisted his design; and a fourth drew his sword upon a sentry who opposed his going behind the scenes at the Opera. The Count de Viry complained of this last to me, particularly as he had frequently been guilty of similar offences. This same young man was just at that time appointed minister from the King of England to a foreign court. I presented him in that character to the Count de Viry; who made a long speech upon the discernment which the King had shewn in choosing a person, whose talents and prudence were so generally acknowledged: but the young

Englishman was the first to laugh, as soon as we got out of the house, at the encomium he had received, and which he had no ambition to merit.

The Count carried this spirit of reserve even into the most trifling of his domestic affairs. The most insignificant message entrusted to any one of his servants, became a mystery to all the rest. If he was ill, that was a secret of state. He once had a slight wound upon one of his legs, and sent for a surgeon to examine it. Some days afterwards a similar accident happened to the other leg, and he put that under the care of another surgeon; so that it might not be known that he had hurts in both legs at the same time. This mysterious reserve was the cause of his death.—Lord Townshend was more ingenious: while he was Viceroy of Ireland he had a swelling of the legs, which

he had never been able to get cured. Two surgeons happened at that time to apply for the place of surgeon-general to the army; and Lord Townshend, hesitating to which he should give the appointment, determined to entrust each of them with the care of one of his legs, promising the place to him who should soonest cure the leg that was under his care. They employed so much care and attention in the business, that the Viceroy was agreeably surprised to find himself completely cured in both legs. He gave the place to one of the two, and amply recompensed the other for not having obtained it.

To return to the Count de Viry.—He had acquired such a reputation for reserve during his whole life, that when he died, some person inquiring after him, his secretary said, "He is dead;

" but he does not wish it to be " known :" and the King of Sardinia said, when he heard of his death, " that he would have made a mystery " of it if he could."

CHAPTER XV.

Literary Productions.—Duke de Crillon: Duke de Savoy. — Duchillou recalled: his Manner of taking Leave of the King of Sardinia.

One day, when I was with the Count de Saluces, an assistant surgeon of the hospital of Saint John came to see him; and perceiving that my eyes were affected, he asked leave to look at them. I allowed him. He told me what was the matter with them; and added, that if I would put myself under his care, he would cure me in three days. I would not even listen to him. When he went away, my friend urged me to try Penchienati (that was his name);

adding, that though he was not yet very celebrated, he considered him as very skilful in his profession. By repeating this to me for a week, he at last persuaded me. Penchienati came to me, proved to me that the disorder proceeded from an obstruction of the lachrymal passage, syringed the eye, cleared the passage, and I was perfectly cured in three days. The cure astonished all who had seen the state of my eyes for several years before. The King of Sardinia, whose sight was weak, had at that time some indisposition in his eyes. The Marquis d'Ormea, at my request, proposed to him to call in Penchienati: he cured the King, became his surgeon, and a short time after obtained the chair of professor of surgery in the University of Turin. The cause of my cure, is that of most others. Eminent physicians fail in the greatest part of the cases they undertake, because

they think they discover the origin of the disorder at once, and do not give it sufficient attention; another, more skilful and less celebrated, examines into the cause of the disease, and cures it.

The first use I made of my eyes, was to repair the time I had lost. I applied myself more than ever to study; and formed the plan of rendering an important service to the republic of letters, by giving an edition of the works of Leibnitz. During the fifty years, that had elapsed since his death, five or six learned Germans had undertaken to collect his works, and all had been vanquished by the difficulty of the task. The fragments were dispersed throughout all the periodical journals of his time; or incorporated with those of cotemporary writers, or manuscripts in the dust of public libraries. It required a great deal of activity, of

time, and of money, to collect them; but these requisites did not deter me. I printed a prospectus; and wrote to all the learned men in Europe, inviting them to assist my design. I received great encouragement from them: they sent me, not only what I requested, but many manuscript letters of my author, and many fragments not known before. I arranged the whole according to the order of the subjects, added notes, and wrote prefaces. Every thing was ready in a twelvemonth; and Leibnitz was published four years after, in six large quarto volumes. At the commencement of my undertaking, Voltaire wrote to me thus: "The writings of "Leibnitz are scattered like the leaves "of the Sybil, and are as obscure as "the oracles of that old woman." But when I sent him a complete copy of that author, elegantly bound, he said to me, "You are like Isis, who col-

" lected the scattered members of " Osiris, and caused them to be wor- " shipped."

I cannot omit mentioning in this place a remarkable instance of good fortune. Of about five hundred detached pieces composing this edition of Leibnitz, one only was a long time wanting, entitled *Notitia Opticæ Promotæ;* which was a dissertation addressed to the famous Spinosa, who had consulted Leibnitz upon optics. All that I had been able to collect concerning this fragment, had already been sent to the press. Passing through Paris on my return to London, a friend told me that in turning over the papers in the King's library, he had seen, in the collection D., some papers relating to my family. I went to the library to look at them, and found the papers he had mentioned; but in giving back the port-folio to M. Caperonier, the libra-

discoveries which the moderns had attributed to themselves in the sciences: It met with some success, and procured me some enemies. The philosophers of Paris, or those who called themselves such, thought they discovered from it that I was not an infidel; and this was enough to put them on their guard against me. However, as I had the character of being a good sort of man in society, and as my orthodoxy was not yet fully proved by the work, it did not prevent me from being connected with some of their leaders in the course of the following year.

One of the greatest pleasures I enjoyed at Turin, was the facility with which I there met foreigners of distinction, who came from every part to visit Italy. Sovereign princes, noblemen from all countries, ministers who had retired or who were disgraced, young and old, men who were already

celebrated, or who afterwards became so, all passed through Turin on their way to Rome. Among this latter class, the Duke de Crillon, who arrived there during my last residence, attracted most my attention. At seventy years of age, he left Madrid in the month of January 1780, travelled with the courier to Rome where he had a law-suit to prosecute, and was obliged to return to Madrid in February, to undertake the siege of Minorca, which he captured. I never witnessed so much activity. He was a polite, lively, gay man, and abounded in sallies of wit. During half an hour that I saw him, he related two or three very pleasant anecdotes to me; one of which I cannot omit communicating to my readers.

The Duke de Crillon was at Avignon at the period when the Duke of Ormond died there; and having entered his chamber at the very moment whe-

the latter was dying, he had nearly been a witness to a remarkable scene which had just taken place between the expiring nobleman, who was a true pattern of politeness, and a German Baron also one of the most polite men of his country. The Duke feeling himself dying, desired to be conveyed to his arm-chair; when turning towards the Baron, " Ex- " cuse me, Sir," said he, " if I should " make some grimaces in your pre- " sence, but my physician tells me " that I am at the point of death."— " Ah, my Lord duke!" replied the Baron, " I beg that you will not put " yourself under any constraint on my " account."

The longer I remained at Turin, the more desirous I was of prolonging my stay. I had many friends there, I mixed with the best company, and I was well received at Court. The Duke of Savoy even honoured me

so far as to allow me to pay my respects to him sometimes in private. I took advantage of this indulgence, to have the satisfaction of more nearly admiring a prince, for whom I felt an attachment mixed with the most profound respect. His understanding, his virtues, his mildness, and his desire to please those who had the happiness of obtaining access to him, inspired me with sentiments for His Royal Highness most agreable to my heart. At such times, I was always led to regret that fortune had not placed me in a situation to attach myself to his person. In him were to be found all the qualities which are desirable in a master; and if he had not been born to be a sovereign, he would have been sought for a friend. *

* Such was this prince before his accession to the throne. He has been differently represent

The Cardinal des Lances also evinced a great friendship for me. I went often to see him; and the long and frequent visits of a minister of the King of England to a cardinal whose piety was so generally known, gave occasion for saying that he was endeavouring to convert me. But we never on any occasion made religious controversy a subject of conversation. His Eminence had great wit, learning, and knowledge of the world; he was polite to me, and that was sufficient to entitle him to my attentions. As my carriage was seen as often at his door as at that of Madame Martin, the Marquis de Caraccioli,

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since he has been a king: not that he was no longer the same; but because that goodness of heart which caused him to be adored when Duke of Savoy, frequently embarrassed him when King of Sardinia, and has more than once exposed him to difficulties from which the firmness of his father would have extricated him.

envoy from Naples at Turin, invented a story upon the subject, which Madame de Boufflers told me that she had heard him relate. It once happened that while I was in the house of a bookseller, my coachman having left his seat, the horses, frightened by some means or other, ran away; and after having run through several streets, at last stopped at Madame Martin's door. The Marquis de Caraccioli gave another account of the accident: he said that the horses ran away, broke loose from their harness, and one went to Madame Martin's and the other to the Cardinal des Lances'.

In the mean time Mr. Mackenzie, who was always mindful of my interests, wrote to me that the Duke of Northumberland, who was then the Viceroy of Ireland, had offered him a deanry in Ireland for me. I thanked him for the kindness he had shown me,

but begged that he would excuse me from going to Ireland. Some time after I received another letter from him, informing me that the Duke, by another arrangement, had reserved a living of eight hundred a year in England for me, and advising me to come and take possession of it. I thought it would not be prudent to reject such an offer as this, on the following day therefore I waited on the Count de Viry, to announce my departure. He told me that he was desirous of giving me an unequivocal proof of the friendship he had always entertained for me; and after having delayed, day after day, to acquaint me with his design, he at last told me to go and take leave of the king, and that I should have reason to be satisfied. In consequence of this, I expected nothing less than a magnificent portrait, or some rich present, which the Count de Viry, in the plenitude of his friendship,

might have suggested to the King that it would be proper to give me. I presented myself to the King; and had the honour to be admitted to a private audience, which lasted three quarters of an hour. While His Majesty was conversing with me, with that affability which was so peculiar to him, he pulled out a gold snuff-box, which I supposed contained his portrait, and was intended for me; but after he had taken a pinch of rappee, he put it back into his pocket. A quarter of an hour after, the King put his hand into another pocket, and drew out another snuff-box, which I would have sworn was the one destined for me. I had already thought of the acknowledgements which I was to make; when his Majesty took a pinch of Spanish snuff, shut the box, and dismissed me with kindness. I returned to the Count de Viry, supposing that he had reserved to himself the

pleasure of making the present: but as soon as he saw me, "Well!" said he, "I hope you are satisfied. I know "that the King kept you three quar- "ters of an hour with him: you are in- "debted to me for that honour, which is "a distinction that no one of your rank "has ever before received." Perceiv- ing, by these words, that the whole affair was reduced to the honour of an audience, I withdrew, without appear- ing to be very highly gratified with the "unequivocal proofs of the friend- "ship of the Count de Viry."

END OF THE SECOND PART.

MEMOIRS

OF A

TRAVELLER.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

Duchillou becomes acquainted with the Duke of Northumberland.—Goes to Paris. — Conversation with an unknown Lady whom he meets at the Play.

HAVING resigned the affairs of His Britannic Majesty into the hands of my friends, for whom I had obtained the necessary credentials, I took leave of

my acquaintance at Turin, with the hope of returning to them soon. I came to London; and went immediately to pay my respects to General Conway, who was at that time Secretary of State. He did me the favour to say, that the King and his ministers were satisfied with my zeal; and the King honoured me with an unequivocal mark of his approbation, by making me a present of a thousand pounds. I went afterwards to take possession of my benefice in the north of England; and having met Mr. Mackenzie at Newcastle, as he was coming from Scotland, I had the pleasure of returning to London with him.

Nothing was now wanting to my happiness, if I had known how to limit my desires. I saw myself rich beyond what I should have dared to wish for; I had powerful friends, I was fond of study, and I enjoyed good health. What more was wanting? Mr. Mac-

kenzie, with that frankness which I have always admired, one day said to me: "Now, my dear D***, you are "very well provided for. It appears "to me that you may live happily "upon the income which I have pro- "cured for you: take my advice, re- "main as you are. I will not deceive "you with vain hopes; you must never "expect any thing more from me. I "have to provide for the fortune of se- "veral others, who are situated as you "once were. Let us continue friends. "You know that I have an esteem for "you, and I know that you are at- "tached to me. My house will be al- "ways open to you; and I have con- "fidence enough in you to believe, "that I run no risk in speaking to "you in this frank manner." This dis- course pleased me: it did honour to us both; and during five-and-thirty years that followed this conversation, I can

venture to say that I never forfeited the opinion he then expressed of me.

Unfortunately for me, I was not then sufficiently acquainted with the world to be disgusted with it; and I had a sort of mania to be more known in it. I therefore engaged myself most earnestly in forming a connection which insensibly changed all my ideas, and the whole plan of my life.

I waited upon the Duke of Northumberland, to thank him for the living which I had just taken possession of: not that I was indebted to him for it (for he had bestowed it at the request of Mr. Mackenzie, without knowing any thing of me); but merely out of form, and in order to omit nothing which might be proper. The Duke was universally allowed to be the most magnificent nobleman in England; and this circumstance was an additional inducement to me to wait

upon him, in the hope of knowing him better. I was received with all that politeness and affability which so particularly distinguished him. He spoke to me of my work in favour of the ancients, which he had read; complimented me upon it; invited me to dinner; and made me so welcome, that in a short time I found myself almost as well established in his good graces, as if I had passed my life with him. As the whole of my time was afterwards, during a considerable period, devoted to him, it may not be improper, in this place, to make my reader acquainted with him.

The Duke of Northumberland had been one of the handsomest men in the kingdom; he possessed great talents, a mind highly cultivated, and more knowledge than is generally found among the nobility. Born of genteel, though not illustrious parents, he had been

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raised by his marriage with the heiress of the name and wealth of the house of Percy; and he shewed that he was worthy of them. By the wisdom of his economy he improved the immense estates of that family; and so encreased its revenue, that this now amounted to more than fifty thousand pounds a year. He restored the ancient splendour of the Percies by his taste and magnificence. Alnwick Castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Northumberland, had entirely fallen to decay: he completely rebuilt it; and out of complaisance to the Duchess, his lady, ornamented it in the Gothic style, which he himself did not like: but he did it with so much taste, that he made it one of the most superb buildings of that kind in Europe. He embellished Sion House, a country seat not far from London; and exhausted the resources of art, at an immense expence, to embellish those

two houses with master-pieces of taste, and to render them worthy of their possessors. He was created an Earl, received the order of the Garter, was appointed Viceroy of Ireland, and afterwards created Duke; and he supported all these honours by an expenditure unexampled in his time. He was not generous; but he bestowed his pecuniary favours so judiciously, that he at least passed for being so.

The Duchess of Northumberland was of the highest birth: she was descended from Charlemagne by Joscelin de Louvain; who had married Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of the house of Percy, in the year 1168. She brought, as a portion to her husband, several titles of nobility, the name and arms of Percy, and a princely income. She possessed great elevation of mind, natural and easy wit, a good and compassionate heart, and above all, a strong at-

tachment to her friends, whom she took every opportunity to distinguish and to serve.

Such were the two persons to whom I consecrated most of my time and of my attentions, with that zeal which enthusiasm alone can give. I was dazzled by the magnificence of the Duke, enchanted by the politeness and attention with which he honoured me, and particularly flattered by the distinction paid to me by the Duchess. Having then more pliancy of disposition than now, I employed the whole of it to interest them in my favour. The Duke was fond of the arts and sciences; I entered into all his tastes, conversed with him upon every subject, and he found more variety in my conversation than in that of any other person. The Duchess, on the contrary, was pleased with little witticisms in a circle of friends; and amused herself by collect-

ing prints and medals, and by making other collections of different sorts. I appeared to her as if I had never known any other employment; and in the evening I partook of her social amusements, and studied every means of adding to her pleasures.

This series of attentions was only interrupted by a short expedition which I made to Paris. I arrived there one day after dinner, time enough to attend the theatre, of which I was particularly fond. I seated myself in one of the boxes, which was rather dark; there was nobody in it but a lady and her daughter, and a man whom I took for the husband. They were conversing in English, and were making their remarks upon the actors. The lady asked me some questions in bad French, and I answered her in English. She seemed delighted at being able to converse in

her own language, and begged me to tell her the names of all the actors and actresses who were in the piece. We also talked about the English theatre. She asked me what I thought of Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard: I told her I thought them excellent, and gave her my reasons. She approved of my judgment, and asked me also what I thought of Mrs. Yates. As for her, I told her, I only thought her a middling performer.—"What are "her defects?"—"She wants mind; "she mistakes one passion for another; "she is in a rage when she should be "weeping."—"Is it long since you "saw her?"—"I saw her last Tues-"day in Zara."—"But tell me another "instance."—I mentioned two or three.—"And how should those parts "be performed?"—"I cannot tell: I am "no actor: but we may be able to perceive a part is not well performed,

" without being able to play it proper-
" ly oneself." Perceiving, however, the warmth with which the lady defended Mrs. Yates, I was desirous of recanting, or at least softening the severity of my criticism: but she reminded me of what I had said before, and I endeavoured to justify my assertions. By this time the husband had joined us; and both the young lady and he paid the greatest attention to the conversation, but did not take any part in it. At last, the play concluded, I gave my hand to the lady to assist her out of the box, and, as I took leave of her, I looked at her by the light, and perceived that it was Mrs. Yates herself that I had been all the time talking to I did not let them see that I knew her, but retired. She had told me that she lodged at the Hotel de Tours: I went thither the next morning, and inquired what English persons lodged there

and found them to be Mr. and Mrs. Yates and their daughter. They, as well as myself, had left London on Wednesday, and had arrived in Paris on Sunday. In vain I ransacked my memory; I recollected nothing flattering that I had said the night before, except upon her figure; which I highly praised, and that would have made amends for a great deal. I afterwards learnt that she took pleasure in relating this anecdote herself, saying that she had never received so good a lesson. This was in the year 1766, and I have been since assured that she greatly profited by it.

I quickly settled the affairs which had taken me to Paris, and soon returned. I resumed the course of life which I had so recently left; paying court to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, with whom I was very much pleased. I was of their parties at Sion,

and I passed but few days without contriving something to keep one or the other in the good disposition which I saw that they entertained for me.

They had two sons: Lord Percy, who had married the daughter of Lord Bute; and Lord Algernon Percy, who was then seventeen years old. It was my intention to make another visit to my father; the Duke of Northumberland begged me to take Lord Algernon with me, as a prelude to a grand tour which he intended that he should afterwards make. I wished to be excused; as I was only going to see my parents, who were not in a brilliant situation of life: but the Duke observed, that that would be so much the better, as his son was too young to enter into the great world; and that if it would not incommode me, he would be much obliged to me to take him with me.

While we were preparing for our

parture, the Duke informed me that the King had done me the honour to speak to him concerning me; praising the zeal I had shewn in conducting his affairs at Turin, as well as the style of my dispatches: and had told the Duke that he intended to present me with a living of a thousand pounds a year, which could not fail becoming vacant soon. Mr. Mackenzie had already given me the same information; and I considered this promise as an effect of the King's good-will, produced by my first benefactor.

CHAPTER II.

Duchillou visits his birth Place, with the Son of the Duke of Northumberland.—They return to London, and he is presented to Lord Bute.

Lord Algernon and myself set out for my native place. We did not stop more than a week at Paris; and we had nearly reached our town, when I saw one of his Lordship's servants quickening his pace before us. I asked his Lordship whither he had sent him; and he replied, that imagining I should be glad to see my father the moment I arrived, he had sent the man on to request his company to dinner with us at the inn. This mark of attention in a young man of his age surprised

much, and prepossessed me exceedingly in his favour. The whole time we spent together was distinguished by several actions of a similar nature; which evinced in this young nobleman all the politeness of his father, combined with that interesting obligingness which his mother knew so well how to shew to her friends.

Lord Algernon was extremely amiable. He possessed a good and open heart, natural and judicious wit, and a quick insight into character, which was in him, as it were, a sixth sense; for he became better acquainted with the disposition of any one in two days, than many other persons would do in as many years. He was lively and gay, did not dislike parade and splendour, and evinced great taste in his expenditure: he took particular pleasure in shewing his liberality; especially to his friends, for whom he always showed the warm-

est interest. He preferred living on terms of intimacy with a few chosen persons, to mixing generally in company; which induced me to take lodgings with a rich citizen, who received at his house the best company in town. We paid fifty guineas a month for our board, and had the liberty of inviting whom we pleased. In order not to crowd the table too much, his Lordship and I agreed that each should invite guests in turn; and when it was his day, he always invited my father or some of my friends.

We thus passed our time in a mutual exchange of good offices. I saw that Lord Algernon esteemed me, and I had a real attachment for him. He had not a single vice, and shewed many good qualities. Dogs and horses had before been his ruling passion; but he now derived some pleasure from seeing a young lady of his own age, who was then at

a boarding-school, and whom we met every day in our walks. Miss Boucherat was extremely handsome; her figure, her air, her gait, distinguished her above the other ladies with whom she regularly came to the public walk. I never saw a young lady appear with more brilliancy; and her charms seemed to throw a lustre on every thing round her. Lord Algernon was captivated to such a degree, that he sought every opportunity of meeting her, and talked of nothing but Miss Boucherat. Every day he found out the places where she was to walk, and never failed to be there. If there was any public ceremony, any ball or concert, to which the mistress of the boarding-school carried her, he was sure to be there; and if he could only obtain a sight of her as she passed, he was satisfied, and became so lively and gay that he diverted us exceedingly.

While we were living at this town, we went to see Veret, a magnificent castle to which the Duke d'Aiguillon frequently came. I forget whether it was then, or at another time, that the Duke and Duchess d'Aiguillon kept me to dine with them. The conversation happened to turn upon the merit of M. de Chauvelin: I praised his talent for poetry; and among other things, commended his verses upon the seven capital sins. I inquired of the Duchess if she knew them: "Do I know them?" said she; "it is I who am *la Gour-*" *mandise*, as you might have discover-" ed from the manner in which I " have dined." We also went sometimes to see the Prince de Rohan, at some leagues distance. Lord Algernon took pleasure in hunting with him, while I used to walk about the charming woods of Chambray.

The time which we had fixed upon

for our departure having arrived, we set off on our return to England, by way of Brittany and Normandy. I had heard that there was a family of the name of Percy near Vire, and we went to visit them. There are many families of this name in the province: but the chief is at Montchamp, three leagues from Vire; the very place from which William and Algernon Percy came seven hundred years before, when they followed William the Conqueror to England. The eldest of the family remained at Montchamp; and his descendants are there still, having preserved the same patrimony without increase or diminution. Mr. Percy was a little surprised at our visit. I told him that his Lordship had come to renew the correspondence between his relations, which had been interrupted for six or seven centuries. He was very agreeably flattered; received us ex-

tremely well, and gave me all the information that I could desire respecting the origin of the family. We continued our route by Caen, visited the tomb of William the Conqueror, and returned to London; where Lord Algernon expressed the great satisfaction he had received during the tour which we had made.

About that time Lord Bute desired his brother to bring me with him to Luton, a market town, thirty miles from London, where he had purchased an estate. In a short time he had built a superb house there, the plan of which is a double T. The park is three leagues in circumference, and is inclosed by a palisade; and near the house is a botanical garden of thirty acres, the expence of which alone exceeds a thousand pounds a year. Lord Bute is one of the greatest botanists of

the age *: he has collected, with incredible pains, all the rare plants of the earth into his garden, and the most scarce trees into his park. He has made gravel-walks fifteen miles in length; and in all sorts of weather you may walk dry. The annual expence of his house, park, and gardens, is not less than three thousand pounds. His library contains thirty thousand volumes: it is a hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty high. Adjoining it is a cabinet of mathematical instruments, and astronomical and philosophical apparatus, which may be reckoned the most complete of the kind in Europe. It is there that, since the year 1766, the time when he declared in the House of Peers that he no longer saw the King, and that he took no further part in public affairs, Lord Bute

* This was written in 1775.

has lived, more like a philosopher than a man of the world: applying his mind wholly to contemplation; and to the study of the arts and sciences, which he has always encouraged with a generosity and magnificence unequalled. He, of all the great noblemen with whom I have been particularly acquainted, possessed the most eminent qualities; generous without the least ostentation, great in all his conceptions, noble in all his actions; and at the same time humane, mild, of engaging simplicity of manners in private life, without ever losing any part of the dignity suitable to his character. Lord Bute then intended to visit Italy, for the benefit of his health: and it had been previously decided, that I should make the tour of Europe with Lord Algernon Percy; otherwise, I believe, I should have accompanied him. His brother and himself gave

me the plan of the *Itinéraire* which I have since executed, and which is considered the most useful work of the kind that has hitherto been published.

The Duke of Northumberland had engaged me to travel with his son; and I had accepted the proposal with so much the more pleasure, as I had a great desire to see Rome and the rest of Italy, having never been farther than Turin. For a partizan of the ancients, such as I was, this journey had great attractions; and my circumstances not permitting me to undertake it alone, nothing could have been more agreeable to me than such an opportunity. I was not considered in the capacity of Lord Algernon's tutor; but he had been commanded to conduct himself according to my advice, and to pay the same deference to me that he would to his father himself. I was at liberty to form the plan and to regulate the ex-

pence. The Duke left every thing to me in that respect, strongly recommending us not to spare his purse; and his son was not of a disposition to render such advice necessary. The day preceding our departure, the Duke spoke to me of the reward which the trouble I was going to take upon myself would deserve, and wished to secure it me beforehand; but I constantly refused his offers. I told him I was persuaded that it would not be withheld at my return, if he found that I had merited it; and that I was pleased besides to have an opportunity of making some acknowledgment for the part he had taken respecting the King's promise of bestowing on me the valuable living which soon became vacant. He seemed satisfied with the disinterestedness and confidence that I evinced towards him. I gave the necessary

orders for an equipage and retinue suitable for our expedition; and we left London, with the most agreeable prospects of the tour which we were going to undertake.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from London.—Pleasant Repartee of the Chevalier de la Borde. —The Marchioness Balbi of Genoa. —Florence.

THOUGH I set out with Lord Algernon upon a long journey, I must inform my readers that I do not intend to give them an account of all his proceedings. I will introduce him and lay him aside whenever it suits my purpose; for as I was only an appendage to his travels, he shall be no more to my memoirs.

I shall content myself with stating once for all, in a few words, the mode I adopted in regulating his conduct,

without his having the least suspicion of it: this may be useful to those who have the direction of youth, whether their children or their pupils. I made it a rule to shew him a great deal of complaisance in a thousand little things, in order that he might be of my opinion in those which were essential and which but seldom occurred. This conduct never failed to produce its effect. If I had any advice to give him which he did not like, or if I wished to obtain any concession from him of which he alone was to reap the benefit though he was not convinced of it at the time, I was very careful of concealing my influence. I had every thing arranged for that purpose, either through his friends or his confidants; who, knowing my motives, always assisted me in such cases: his valet-de-chambre, his footmen, all who were about him were in my interests. If I foresaw diffi-

ties at a distance, I wrote to his parents; and, without appearing to have had any concern in it, caused orders to be sent at a particular time, requesting him to do exactly what I most desired. By these means we passed four years in the best understanding possible, without his entertaining any idea whatever of his being under my controul. When we arrived at any great capital where we were to make a stay, we were presented together at court; he as a nobleman, and I as an ex-minister of the King of England at the court of Turin. We made our first visits together; and while he had no acquaintance or particular attractions, he was as fond of my company as of that of any one else. As soon as I perceived that he was engaged elsewhere, I took a separate carriage; he went to his parties, and I to mine. It was natural that our tastes should differ a little, but they were not

the worse for that. We were both fully sensible of this fact; and that constituted the harmony of our union. In short, when I do not mention Lord Algernon while we were together, the reader is not to conceive that it is because I consider myself as the most important person in the tour, but merely because I have undertaken to communicate my own observations in this work, and not those of Lord Algernon.

We stopped at Paris only to get our clothes made; and as we wished to visit that part of France which we had not seen, we directed our course through La Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Toulouse, Marseilles, and Toulon. In passing through Châtelerault, I met with my old friend the Chevalier de la Borde, whom I mentioned in the fifth chapter of the first part of these memoirs. He had married a Creole, who had brought

him a considerable portion; and though formed by his manners and his wit to act a distinguished part in the fashionable circles of Paris, he had settled himself at Châtelerault, that he might see nobody who was superior to him in rank and fortune. He was a little man of much wit and fancy, and made good convivial songs. I recollect an instance of his vivacity on this subject which greatly amused a company at Paris. I was not one of the party, but he related it to me himself.

He had written a song in the country, and had set it to music himself. A short time afterwards he came to town, and found that the song had reached the capital. Being at a house where he heard it sung, he inquired if the author was known; and was told that he was, and that he was a tall offi-

cer in the Guards, who happened to be present. The Chevalier de la Borde, somewhat surprised, laid a plan with the friend who had brought him to the house, to expose the imposture of this man. They went up to him together, and the Chevalier's friend asked him if it was true that he was the author of the song which had just been sung. "Yes, Sir: but pray why this ques- "tion?"—"Because I had supposed," answered the other, "that it was the "composition of one of my friends in "the country."—"Sir," replied the officer haughtily, "when such a man "as I am avows himself the author of "such a trifle, there should be no "doubt." Upon this the Chevalier, placing himself between them, said very loud: "Indeed, my friend, you "are wrong; why will you not believe "this *tall* gentleman wrote the song,

" since I, who am so much shorter, ac-
" tually wrote it ?"

We passed through La Rochelle, where I wanted to see a sister whom I tenderly loved; and after remaining there some days, we visited Rochefort, Bourdeaux, and Toulouse, where we staid some time I had said a great deal to Lord Algernon about the canal of Languedoc: which I never had seen; but of which I conceived a high idea, from the pompous descriptions of it that I had read both in prose and verse. We were very anxious to reach the place where we should obtain the first glimpse of it, and found ourselves upon it when we were inquiring where it was. When we were told that the great ditch we saw before us was the famous canal of Languedoc, we both, at the same moment, looked at each other and laughed. I never was so much deceived in my expectations as in this instance.

We justly admired the natural beauties of Languedoc: particularly the view of the French mountain, ten leagues from Toulouse; and that from Peyrou Place, at Montpellier, from which are seen the sea, the Pyrennees, the mountains of Auvergne, and those of Dauphiny, where the Alps begin. The antiquities of Nimes and the bridge of Gard pleased me extremely. The *Maison Quarrée*, which was a temple dedicated to Caius Cæsar, and Lucius the son of Agrippa, is one of the finest relics of antiquity, and in better preservation than any other in Europe. We proceeded through Aix, Marseilles, and Toulon: and visited the governor of this last city; who asked us what we were going to do in Italy, and if there were not the most beautiful churches, gardens, and palaces in France, without going so far to look for them. I contented myself with asking him if he had ever been in Italy: he said "No;"

but added very justly, that we might know what he said to be true, without going thither ourselves.

We continued our route through Nice: and having sent our equipages in a felucca to Genoa, we passed the Alps; through the defile of Tendi (which is a less agreable and less convenient passage than that of Mount Cenis) entered Piedmont through Coni, and crossed it without going to Turin, because I postponed till our return the long stay which I wished to make there.

I was delighted with the journey from Alexandria to Genoa. The passage of the Bochetta, especially, is full of charming and well-varied landscapes; and from the summit of the mountain may be discovered, at a great distance, the Mediterranean, the suburbs of Genoa, and a pleasant valley, at the bottom of which runs the torrent of Pol-

cevera, which is the most considerable and the most rapid in Italy.

At Genoa, I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Marchioness of Balbi: she was handsome; and full of wit, grace, and sensibility. This last quality is generally fatal to those who are endowed with it, and had produced great unhappiness to her. I never found any conversation more animated and more interesting than hers. She had read much; but unluckily for her, her favourite reading had been the writings of the great wits of the age, and all her understanding could not protect her from the poison of their maxims. The conversations I had with her upon this subject gave rise to a work which I afterwards published at Rome, under the title of the *Tocsin*; and since at Paris, under that of *Appel au bon sens*.*

* An Appeal to Good Sense.

In this work I combated the arguments of the infidels, dividing them into three classes: *Atheists* or materialists, who admit of but one substance in the universe, of which all the parts of the world, planets, men, animals, and plants, are so many different modifications; *Theists*, who fully admit a Supreme Being, but who deny that he has created the world and that he governs it by his providence, who maintain that all dies with us, and consequently that there are neither rewards nor punishments after this life; and lastly, *Deists*, properly so called, who allow the same attributes to the Divinity which we believe him to possess, who acknowledge the immortality of the soul, as well as rewards and punishments, but who reject every other sort of religious belief, and all external worship. I shewed how easy it was to convict the first of inconsistency, absurdity,

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or insincerity: I proved to the second, that they contradict themselves, and fall into greater difficulties than those they wish to avoid: and I shewed the last, that they are afraid of seeing the truth; and that they blind themselves against the crowd of proofs and reasons which might enlighten them, and cure them of the blindness which their passions produce.

From Genoa we went to Florence: where I saw, for the first time, Sir Horace Mann; with whom I had for eight years carried on an epistolary correspondence, without being personally acquainted with him. It is unnecessary for me to say, that nobody can carry politeness and attention to his countrymen and to strangers in general, farther than Sir Horace did. His house was the resort of the most agreeable and the best company of Florence. He kept, in particular, an excellent

table, of which he did the honours to perfection: this made Mrs. Ann Pitt say one day, to somebody who complained that it was impossible to dine twice at his table without suffering for it, "To be sure, Sir Horace Mann's "table is a provoking table!"

At Florence I also saw Lord Cowper, who for ten years had had all his trunks packed ready to return to England, but, detained by the chains of the Marchioness de Corsi, had never yet been able to break from them. I saw him, ten years afterwards, still detained at Florence, but by other ties. He had married a young English lady, of great talents and charms, who was as graciously received by the Grand Duchess as Lord Cowper was by the Grand Duke; and in order to prevail upon them to stay, the Grand Duke had given him a thousand proofs of his friendship, and had procured him to be

made a Prince of the Empire. Lord Cowper was amiable, mild, and polite; and had a taste for the arts and sciences, which he encouraged with a magnificence worthy of a monarch.

CHAPTER IV.

Rome; Manner of spending the Time there.—Count de Schouvaloff.—Plan of a Treaty with the Pope.

At last we arrived at Rome; which I found much to surpass the idea I had formed of it, great as that was. The style and magnificence of the churches and palaces exceed every thing that can be related of them, and for that reason I shall say nothing upon the subject; besides, it would require a whole volume to describe every part of that city, and it is not my plan to dwell upon local circumstances. I set myself about visiting all the curiosities of that truly interesting capital of the world; and

in the mean time, I did not neglect society. Those who have said that it is difficult to find agreeable company in this city, either would not or could not get introduced to it; otherwise they would have been undeceived. In every great city, and particularly at Rome, there are circles suited to all tastes and to all conditions. The diplomatic corps there is numerous, and that is a great resource for foreigners. There are always several houses open every evening, where you may join either in conversation or at cards. Many men of wit are to be met with; and the nobility are polite and obliging. They entertain a great prepossession in favour of strangers, and are ready to enter into conversation with them if they speak Italian; and if they do not speak it, it is their own fault. Nothing is more ridiculous than to go to a country, and complain that all languages

are not spoken there; as it is much easier for a German, an Englishman, or a Frenchman, who wishes to visit Italy, to learn Italian, than it is for an Italian to learn French, English, and German. It is true, the French language is most generally spoken in the different Courts of Europe: but at Rome, where there is no Court, few understand it; and even those who do, are not in the habit of speaking it. Besides, in company it cannot be spoken, because there are always some who do not understand it, and towards them it would be a breach of politeness. Let foreigners then, and particularly Englishmen, who are very ready to *complain* that people speak *Italian* to them in *Italy*, do justice to them; and if they wish to be amused, or to be well received, let them use the proper means to procure those advantages.

The houses which I frequented m

at Rome, were those of Cardinal Alexander Albani, the Duchess de Bracciano, the Marchioness Boccapaduli, and Signora Maria Pizzelli. The Cardinal has been too well known in Europe, as the oracle of good taste, to require my praise: he possessed great wit, a brilliant fancy and a heart full of warmth for his friends; and during the fifty years of his cardinalate, has had many opportunities of shewing his magnificence and his talents. The Duchess of Bracciano was a lady of the highest merit; possessing much sense and information, and great elevation of mind. The Marchioness Boccapaduli was insinuating, sprightly, and gay; and her conversation was various and agreeable. Signora Maria Pizzelli possessed all the charms, all the fine and amiable qualities, that can be wished for in a lady whom one would always desire to love: a cultivated mind, good

sense, taste, gentleness, modesty, and goodness of heart; to all which were added an interesting figure and a most engaging air. She always preserved the friends that her charms attracted, which is the best proof of her good qualities. Her house was the resort of the greatest men in Rome; where all talked without affectation, and with a tolerance worthy of her who received them.

Among the foreign noblemen who distinguished themselves at Rome by their expence, the Count de Schouvaloff was the most remarkable. He had been the avowed lover of a great northern princess; and during the whole time he was in favour, had conducted himself in so obliging and courteous a manner, and had been so moderate in his desires, that he was very far from rich when she died. However, from the beginning of the new reign, he saw

himself neglected by his friends, and looked upon with an evil eye by the * * * *. Apprehensive of the fate that awaited him, he applied to M. de Breteuil, ambassador from France to his Court, to whom he had rendered essential services during the former reign, and begged him to speak of him to his sovereign, and remove his fears. M. de Breteuil undertook with pleasure to serve him: he demanded an audience; obtained it; and spoke with all the interest of a true friend, on the subject of the Count de Schouvaloff. She seemed to hear him with indignation. When he had concluded: "Sir," said the * * * *, "you appear to be a "friend of the Count: advise him to "travel immediately; for the step "which he has dared to take through "you, rekindles a resentment in me "which had perhaps begun to die "away. Advise him therefore, I tell

" you, not to delay his departure till " to-morrow, or I will not answer for " the effects of my anger." The ambassador, alarmed, wished to intercede for his friend; but the Princess stopped him: " Wait a moment," said she; " you yourself shall judge whether my " indignation is not well founded." She went into her closet; and presently returned with two letters which the Count de Schouvaloff had written to her when she was in a condition much below a throne, and was ill treated by her whom she had succeeded. In these letters he offered to obtain her some indulgences, but upon this service he set a price offensive to her dignity. Her pride was wounded by a proposal which she regarded rather as an insult offered to her situation, than as a homage done to her charms. She requested the ambassador not to acquaint the Count with what she had confide-

to him, but to prevail upon him to depart immediately; which the ambassador did, promising to his friend that he would inform him of the cause of his disgrace if he ever saw him again. The Baron de Breteuil, being afterwards ambassador at Naples, met the Count there, and then acquainted him with the cause of his banishment. The Count had never imagined that his letters would have produced such an effect, and he now trembled at the danger to which he had been exposed. He found means, however, to render himself necessary to the * * * * during his stay in Italy; and she employed him in making the beautiful collection of pictures, statues, and antiquities, with which she has enriched her palaces. He at last obtained permission to return to his country, where he had the good fortune to be reinstated in the favour of his sovereign.

While he was at Rome, he lived in a house built upon the ruins of the tomb of Augustus; the walls of the tomb serving as a terrace for his apartment. He gave dinners to foreign noblemen, and frequently had charming concerts. One day, when several Englishmen were of his party, I could not help reflecting upon the vast difference which seventeen centuries had produced in that spot. We saw a man, the native of a country of which the Romans had not the smallest idea; and the inhabitants of which, together with all the people of the north, they called Hyperboreans;—we saw, I say, an Hyperborean, giving musical concerts upon the tomb of Augustus to the English; who in that emperor's time were known only as a tribe of naked savages that painted their bodies (as the savages of America still do,) and from that custom were called Picts.

Cardinal Alexander spent all his evenings at home, where he made a party of *minchiati* with three or four particular friends. The Countess Cherofini, who was then old and infirm, acted a secondary part in the house of the Cardinal, and retained only the shade of the consequence which she had once enjoyed. After his party, the Cardinal was fond of entering into conversation; and if there was an Englishman in the room, he always called him to take a place by his side on the sopha. He could not endure the French. One day, when the Prince Camille de Rohan had left him, I inquired how he liked him: he answered, "Well enough for a French "man." I was conversing once with his Eminence upon the extent of the power of the House of Bourbon, and I enumerated to him all their possessions. A Bourbon in France; a Bour-

bon at Madrid; a Bourbon at Naples; a Bourbon at Parma. "Yes," said he, with some sort of impatience, "*vogliono imborbonar tutto il genere umano.*"

His usual expression was, "Our good friends the English;" and he frequently mentioned to me a favourite idea of his, which he greatly desired to realise. This was, to form an alliance between the Court of London and that of Rome, by which an advantageous trade should be granted to the English in the Ecclesiastical States; and England, under pretence of supporting her commerce, should protect the Court of Rome against the insults of her neighbours. This was in the year 1768; at a time when the King of Naples on one side, and the Duke of Parma on the other, had marched troops into the territories of the Pope, and given him the utmost uneasiness. I took up the

matter immediately; and sketched the plan of a treaty, which I communicated to him. He approved of it highly. I completed the design by consulting with some enlightened persons, particularly the Cardinal des Lances, who had come to Rome; but Pope Rezzonico dying soon after, I left my plan in the hands of the Cardinal des Lances, that he might obtain the approbation of the succeeding Pope to it. He undertook to do so; and it was one of the first things he communicated to Ganganelli, Clement XIV., after he was elected. When I was at Turin, six months afterwards, I saw the Cardinal des Lances, who told me that the Pope had greatly approved my plan; and that he had commissioned him to thank me on his part, and to beg me to continue my good intentions towards the Ecclesiastical States.

That I may not lose the thread of this affair, I will here state to my readers

what afterwards became of it. When I returned to England, I drew up a short memorial upon the subject, which I presented to Lord Rochfort, who was then secretary of state. He did me the honour to say, that he had never seen a plan conceived in fewer words, so clearly expressed, so beneficial, and so likely to succeed. He desired me to confer with the under-secretary of state upon it, and assured me that he would mention it to the King. But I could go no farther, on account of the under-secretary of state, who trembled with fear at the very idea of a treaty with the Pope. Eight years afterwards, before I returned to Rome, I caused the same plan to be communicated to Lord Weymouth, by his friend Sir William Lynch. His Lordship wrote me word that he approved of it, and requested that I would write to him upon the subject if it should be necessary. I

was at Rome in the year 1777; and begged the Cardinal des Lances, as I passed through Turin, to inform the Pope of what I had to propose to him. He did so. Braschi, under the name of Pius VI. then filled the Holy See. I had two long audiences of his Holiness, and at the first he told me that he would reflect upon it. The second audience was exactly at the time when France had declared herself in favour of the Americans, against the English. His Holiness then observed, that the present was not exactly the moment for the English to offer protection, when they could scarcely defend their own possessions: that they had no fleet in the Mediterranean, and that it was better to wait for more favourable circumstances. This was but too true: the plan, though good in 1768, was useless in 1778; and there the thing remained. If England keeps Gibraltar,

and preserves her naval superiority in the Mediterranean, this is a project which ought to be resumed. All the particulars, which are too long to be detailed here, have been well weighed. Rome would be to the English what Portugal has long been, and both parties would be benefited by the connection.

CHAPTER V.

Naples.—Characters of the King, Queen, and the Marquis Tanuci.

I was very desirous to see the Pretender, who was then at Rome, but I did not dare to visit him. He did not frequent private houses, because he was not allowed the sovereign dignity on which he still presumed. I saw him only at a distance at the Opera, where he preserved his dignity in the best manner he could. His box was screened by a curtain: he was always there before the performance commenced, and when the curtain rose his curtain was drawn; he appeared, and made his bows to all parts of the theatre;

the audience returned them, the opera began, and this ceremony consoled him for the honours which he had lost.

I should have mentioned sooner, that we were presented to Pope Clement XIII; who received us with great courtesy, and would not permit us to kiss his feet. His court did not appear to me very imposing; nor did it convey any idea of the grandeur of a prince who reigns with absolute power in his dominions, and who governs by the force of opinion a great part of the civilised world. He died suddenly in the height of the Carnival, on Shrove Tuesday; and his death terminated the pleasures of the season. I admired, on that occasion, the tranquillity of the Roman people. Each returned to his house; the tradesmen resumed the ordinary course of their business; and at a time when all government ceased, and

the minds of the populace were in the greatest fermentation, there was not the least disorder. "The Pope is dead," said one: "Well, we will make another," was the answer; and this was all the importance that the people attached to the event. But the case is very different with the nobility, as there is not a family among them who does not hope for a change favourable to themselves. A new Pope brings a new court, and new civil, ecclesiastical, and military employments: for frequently every office is changed, according to the will of him who succeeds. The greatest Roman nobles now go to visit the cardinals, and to kiss their hands: for any one of these may become their master, and in the mean time, they share the authority between them. There was a superb temporary mausoleum erected in Saint Peter's, exactly upon the plan of the mausoleum of the ancient Roman Emperors; and I have

remarked that, to have a complete idea of one of these buildings erected for a pope, nothing is necessary but to read the description which Herodian gives of a mausoleum, or funeral pile, upon which the body of the Emperor was burnt.

As soon as the last duties were rendered to the Pope, the cardinals assembled in conclave. This is a day of great ceremony; all the nobility go in magnificent dresses to take leave of the cardinals. Foreigners may visit those with whom they are acquainted. I paid my respects to Cardinal Alexander Albani. He had not a little to do: he was director of the conclave, and it was his duty to allot to the fifty-two cardinals their different apartments. One sent to complain that his apartment was too small; another, that his apartment was occupied by some one else through mistake, and to ask which he should go to; at last they tried his pa-

tience so far that it forsook him, and turning to me he said, "*Videte, caro amico, tutti quanti cardinali sono quà sono tanti minchioni; e pure da loro si cavera un papa.*" He made use of a term more expressive, but more gross, than *minchioni*, which, from motives of decency, I have omitted.

Cardinal Albani acted with the same liberty that he spoke, and set himself above the formalities of the conclave. The cardinals were prohibited from having any intercourse with the people without, from seeing any one, and from receiving any notes or letters; and they were not allowed to converse but through a turning-box with a hole in it, as the nuns in a convent. It was in that manner that I paid a visit to Cardinal des Lances; but Cardinal Albani, who had allotted the apartments, had reserved for himself one which had a window that opened into a little court

of the Vatican, and was about ten feet above another chamber, outside of the conclave. It was there that I visited him, being introduced by his people. He placed himself at his window, and I at mine. I told him the news of the day: and when I had any thing private to communicate, which we feared might be overheard, I had a letter ready; he let down a basket, fastened to a piece of packthread; I put my letter into it; and if he had any answer to send, I received it in the same manner next day.

I left him occupied with the care of making a Pope, in which he had a great deal to do, and resolved to avail myself of the interregnum to see Naples. We performed the journey without stopping, that we might avoid the bad inns. The court was at Caserta: we went thither with Sir William Hamilton, who presented us to the King

and Queen. The King never spoke, or at least very rarely, to the foreigners who were presented to him; but the Queen made ample amends for his silence, by the affability and the engaging manners with which she received them. We admired the immense plan of Caserta; which was not then finished, but which far surpassed the greatest palaces of the first monarchs of Europe. But what most attracted my attention was, the majestic and pleasing situation of the city of Naples: which rises like an amphitheatre, upon the borders of a bason of thirty leagues in circumference; and offers, at a distance of two leagues at sea, the finest perspective of a great city that can possibly be imagined. We visited those classical spots Herculaneum, Pompeii, Vesuvius, and in short every thing that wonderful country furnishes to excite a curiosity which can never be

fully satisfied. As I have gone at length into this subject in another work, I shall not enlarge upon it here.

I had brought a letter from the Marquis Carraccioli to the Marquis Tanuci, who invited me to dine with him. He had rendered himself one of the most extraordinary men of the age, by the rank to which he had raised himself. He was formerly a professor at Pisa; and when the present King of Spain, Don Carlos, came into Italy,* he wrote in favour of his title to the kingdom of Naples. His work made an impression upon the minds of the public. He wrote again, made himself necessary to Don Carlos; who, when he was quietly established, sent for him to his court. By degrees he gave him his entire confidence: so much so, that when

* In 1759.

he was called to the throne of Spain by the death of his brother, he made him guardian of his son; and placed him at the head of the regency of the two Sicilies, which he governed despotically for more than ten years, under the authority of the King of Spain. He might be a great man in the knowledge of the law, but he did not shine in business; and his administration and his ordinances are far from bearing the stamp of genius. I have also read several of his dispatches to the Marquis Carraccioli, which partook a great deal of the style of the schools, and in which Homer and Cicero were frequently cited.

When Lord Hillsborough arrived at Naples, Sir William Hamilton introduced him as a man of the highest talents in the affairs of state, and particularly for the department of commerce. In England he had been Secretary of State

for the colonies, and had discharged the duties of his office with great reputation. The Marquis Tanuci entered earnestly into conversation with Lord Hillsborough upon a subject of so much importance; communicated to him the plans and regulations which he had made for improving manufactures, commerce, and navigation, in the kingdom of the two Sicilies; and concluded by asking his opinion of them. His Lordship, who was already informed of the state of the country, and who by no means approved of the Marquis's plans, wished to be excused from speaking on the subject of them. He two or three times begged the Marquis to excuse him from giving his opinion, but the other only urged him the more. At last Lord Hillsborough, being obliged to speak, said: "My Lord, I have already examined the manner in which "things are conducted here, and have

" paid attention to what you have done
" me the honour to tell me; and I
" think that if you do exactly the con-
" trary of what you have hitherto
" done, you will be much more likely
" to accomplish the object you have in
" view."

I have been twice at the Court of Naples in the course of ten years; and have always thought it very brilliant, and one of the most agreeable courts of Europe. The King was good, gay, and easy even to familiarity, with his courtiers. Fonder of the chace than of business, he allowed his father to govern the kingdom at a distance, and had a blind deference for his will. He was a good husband, a good father, and a sincere friend: he had a sound judgment, and would have remedied many irregularities if he had been his own master; but he was so little so, that even in those things which con-

cerned him most, he did not dare to make any change. Conversing one day with an Englishman who accompanied him in the chace, he asked him several questions relative to the game laws in England. The Englishman gave him an account of them. The King approved of them much, and concluded by saying, "That is admirable: "it is well in your country, but here "we have no laws. *Quà non ci e "lege.*"

The Queen had an agreeable figure; she was obliging, possessed wit and engaging manners, was studious to please her husband, and was extremely fond of her children. She acquired gradually an influence, and formed a party in the council; since which the Marquis de Tanuci has been kept at a distance, and affairs have gone on better.

One day, when the King of Naples

gave the Queen the diversion of hunting the wild boar, in the park of Astrone, those foreigners who had been presented at Court, were admitted into the inclosure intended for the Queen. There were several English gentlemen and ladies here. The Queen expressed her desire that all should be seated around her; saying, that when she was at her ease, she wished every body else to be so. The King came from time to time, to give her an account of the state of the chace; and if any one attempted to rise, or take off his hat, he prevented him with these words: "Sit still, gentlemen: *qua non si fà "cerimonie.* No ceremony here."

He was to be inoculated the next day, and in fact he was; and though it was a serious affair at his age, he did not seem in the least uneasy about it. During the carnival, the Queen had a grand assembly once or twice a week,

where every one came in a coloured domino, but unmasked. The principal apartments of the palace were thrown open, and tables were spread: each mixed with his own party. There were a magnificent hall for the ball, and another large hall to which the guests retired to take refreshments. They came in and went out as they pleased: they talked, played, or danced, or were mere idle spectators. The ease, liberty, and gaiety, which were depicted in every countenance, formed the greatest merit of these entertainments, which lasted the whole time of the carnival. Foreigners of distinction joined the King's party, and sometimes the Queen's; and the whole was conducted with the greatest order.

The Neapolitans have much wit and vivacity: I found them good and obliging, whatever others may have said of them. They are very fond of play

I know that they have been accused of not always playing fairly, but I have never observed any thing of the kind myself. I have discovered little meannesses at Naples, and so I have at Vienna, at Paris, and at London; but this proves nothing as to the general character of the people.

At Vienna, for example, I happened once to have given a gold ducat for the cards, because I had no change. One of the principal ladies of the Court perceived it. She came up to the table: "What is this," said she; "has a king "been playing at this table? But, se- "riously, this is too much for the valet- "de-chambre:" and so saying she took up the ducat, put it into her pocket, and put down a florin in its place. But notwithstanding this, I can venture to say that there is no Court where they play higher and more honourably than at Vienna.

I heard an instance of knavery which occurred in the fashionable circles of Naples, but I did not see it. I will not omit it, however, because it appears to me amusing.

A young English nobleman was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies of Naples, by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there, his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend: "There," said he, "that man in blue, with gold "embroidery, is taking snuff out of "the box which was stolen from me "yesterday. Do you know him? Is "not he a sharper?"—"Take care," said the other, "that is a man of the "first quality."—"I do not care for his "quality," said the Englishman; "I "must have my snuff-box again; I'll "go and ask him for it."—"Pray,"

said his friend, "be quiet, and leave it "to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came; and, as he entered, "There," said he, "I have brought "you your snuff-box."—"Well," said the Englishman, "how did you obtain "it?"—"Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make "any noise about it, therefore I picked "his pocket of it."

I mentioned that the Marquis Tanucci had asked me to dine with him. The Marquis Carraccioli had written to him that I was attached to the study of the sciences; and this, I imagine, was the reason which led him into a long conversation with me, of which I did not comprehend a single word. He had formed a system of electricity, which he wanted to detail to me, and he

kept me standing three hours to explain the first part of it. He talked of the systole and diastole of the earth under the equator, which put electricity into motion, and which had been the cause of the earthquake that had destroyed Lisbon, and he said all this with so serious an air, that I had the greatest difficulty in the world to preserve my gravity. An engagement obliged me now to leave him; and I did not venture to visit him again, so afraid was I of the explanation of the second part of his system of electricity.

While we were at Naples, we were informed that the Grand Duke of Tuscany had arrived at Rome, with a numerous train; and that the Emperor was on the road thither. The latter wished to avail himself of the interregnum, to see Italy. He was to alight at the Villa Medicis, the palace of his brother, who had gone on before to receive him.

As soon as we heard this news, we quitted Naples in haste, that we might be at Rome upon the occasion, not doubting that the presence of those princes would be celebrated with brilliant entertainments.

CHAPTER VI.

Return to Rome to see the Emperor.—Character of that Prince.—Anecdotes relative to him.

We expected to find the Emperor at Rome, but he had not yet arrived: indeed his journey had been kept so secret, that it was not even known where he was, though it was certain that he had quitted Vienna to come to Italy. I lived near the Villa Medicis. My footman, being at the door at six in the morning, saw an open cabriolet, with two persons in it, driving up to that palace: he supposed that they might be some of the people belonging to the Emperor's train, and asked them if they could tell any thing of him; when one

of them answered that he was not far off. It was no other than the Emperor himself who spoke: he was unwilling to enter Rome with his equipage, and had therefore travelled in this manner that he might not be known. My footman followed him to the door of the Villa Medicis, and was witness to the ill humour of the porter for being called up so early in the morning; and while the Emperor amused himself with the anger of this man, one of the Grand Duke's people who knew him, threw himself at his feet. My footman came into my chamber soon after, and I thought he was mad when he told me he had conversed with the Emperor.

The Emperor had taken the title of Count de Falkenstein, and kept himself incognito in the strictest manner possible. He received visits as Count de Falkenstein, and returned them as such. He would not accept of any of the

usual presents, nor of the entertainments which were offered to him; but went as a private individual to those which were given to his brother. He walked in the streets of Rome attended only by a gentleman; till the people beginning to know him, became troublesome to him. He wished to see men as well as places, and nothing diverted him more than the little adventures which happened to him in this disguise.

As he passed through Bologna, he found his courier disputing at the post-house with an English courier, about horses. He sent for the master of the post-house, and desired to know who had a right to the only horses which were then there. The man answered, without knowing him, that his courier did not arrive till after that of the Englishmen, and consequently the latter had a right to the horses; but that he should not have long to wait. The

Emperor admitted that it was just, and said he would wait.

He went into a coffee-house not far off, and entered into conversation with an officer in the Papal army; who complained very much of a service in which he could not get forward, and in which he was but ill paid. "Why," said the Emperor, "do not you enter into some "other service? You are very near "the King of Sardinia, and the Empe- "ror's Italian possessions; why do you "not seek employment in the service "of one of them?"—"It is very easy "to talk," replied the officer; "but to "whom would you have me apply? "Do you think it is only necessary "to ask and have?"—"If that is all "that prevents you," said the Emperor, "I have some influence at Vi- "enna, and will recommend you my- "self." The Papal officer, seeing a young man in a lieutenant's uniform offering

him his protection, could not help smiling; however, he thanked him politely, but without appearing to set much value upon the offer he had made. "To convince you," continued the Emperor, "that I have not said more "than I mean to perform, I will give "you a letter for a German nobleman "who will pass here in the course of a "few hours: I flatter myself it will be "of some service to you." He wrote the letter and sealed it; the horses came, and he set out. The officer, who had all the time been incredulous, did not reckon much upon the effect of the letter he had received; "besides," thought he, "why should this young "man be so ready to employ his in-"fluence for me, if it be true that he "has any?" However, the German nobleman arrived; it was the Count de Dietrichstein, the Emperor's master of the horse. The officer, with many ex-

cuses, delivered the letter and was thunderstruck when the master of the horse said to him, "Sir, I congratulate "you: it is the Emperor to whom you "have spoken; he has ordered me to "give you four hundred sequins to carry "you to the regiment in which he in-"tends to give you a company." He then alighted from his chaise, sent for his banker, and made the necessary arrangements for expediting the poor officer, who was almost overpowered with surprise and joy.

At Radicofani the Emperor found the Prince de Lambesc, master of the horse in France: who, as well as himself, had stopped there to pass the night. He sent his compliments to him, and to say, that if the Prince would permit, a German Baron and his friend, who had just arrived, would have the honour of paying him a visit. The Prince de Lambesc, who was then

very young, wished to excuse himself from the company of these German Barons; but his Governor prevailed upon him to receive them. They came; and the air and manners of the Emperor having prepossessed the Prince in his favour, after some conversation he engaged him to stay and sup with him. Both spoke of the news of the day: that the Grand Duke was at Rome, and that the Emperor was expected there. "I shall be very glad," said the latter, "to have the honour of introducing you to those princes."—"I am obliged to you," said the Prince de Lambesc; "but you do not know, perhaps, that I am their cousin, and can present myself."—"Ah! that is true," said the Emperor, "I forgot that you was of the house of Lorraine; without doubt, you will go and see your relations at Vienna; I am sure they would receive you

" well." They separated, much pleased with each other, with the promise of meeting again at Rome. As soon as the Prince de Lambesc arrived there, he sent to ask permission to pay his repects to the Emperor and the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and when he entered the hall where they were, was much astonished to recognize in the Emperor the German Baron, who embraced him, saying, " Come, cousin, I " want to acquit myself of the promise " which I made you of presenting you " to the Grand Duke."

The Prince de Lambesc was at that time one of the handsomest men of the age, and was greatly admired by the Roman ladies. I frequently saw him at the house of the Marchioness Boccapaduli. He came from Turin, where he had spent some time; and speaking one day of the late King of Sardinia, he seemed desirous of ridicul-

ing the person of that Prince. I could not help interrupting him, to represent, as politely as possible, that a prince whose reputation for valour, wisdom, and equity, had been so well established throughout Europe, deserved to be spoken of with more respect. I must do him the justice to say, that young as he was, he received the reproof very well; and the next day his governor, meeting me at another house, took me aside, to thank me for the manner in which I had corrected his pupil.

I have heard an entertaining anecdote of the Prince de Lambesc, after his return to Paris. He was passionately fond of horses, and this taste was not much out of character in the *master of the horse* of France. The Marquis D...one day, told a lady at Versailles, that the Prince had said the night before, when speaking of a horse of which he was fond, that he would rather ride Papillon.

than possess the good graces of the Dauphiness. The lady would not believe him; upon which the Marquis, calling the Prince, asked him if he had not said so. "No," replied the Prince, "it was Fougueux I mentioned." Some time after, as he was hunting with the Dauphiness, the Princess said to him, "M. de Lambesc, is that Fougueux "that you are riding?"

To return to the Emperor. His presence produced the greatest sensation at Rome: the populace followed him every where with acclamations, and cried incessantly, "*Viva il Re dei Ro-*"*mani! siete à casa vostra, siete il* "*nostro padrone!*" I was conversing one day with the Prince de Giustiniani upon this disposition of the people of Rome towards the Emperor: when he gave me to understand, that the same sentiments prevailed among the nobility of Rome, that the Emperor had only to

wish it, to be crowned; but the difficulty would be to preserve the ecclesiastical states against all the powers of Europe, who certainly would never consent to it. The Emperor was so sensible of this, that he avoided, as much as possible, all occasions of shewing himself to the people. One day, however, while he was examining on foot the antiquities of the Roman Forum, the place was in a moment filled with the crowd, who repeated the customary cries of "*Long live the King* "*of the Romans! You are our lawful* "*Sovereign!*" He turned towards the assembly, and placed his finger upon his lips: in an instant there was a profound silence, almost incredible, among so great a multitude; but as soon as he ceased to demand this by his gesture, they importuned him with the same exclamations, and he was obliged to quit the place.

The Prince Corsini, on this occasion, gave a ball, after which a supper of five hundred covers was served up. I never saw any thing better conducted; and what astonished me exceedingly, was the information I received the next day from the Prince, that the whole had been served up on his own plate, linen, and china. I do not think there are many great noblemen out of Rome, who could have said as much. The Prince Doria prepared, in three days, a hall in his palace, eighty feet square, where twelve hundred workmen were employed at the same time, and in which he gave a superb ball. The Cardinal Albani, though shut up in the Conclave, gave a magnificent fête at his country house, where a very amusing incident occurred. A lady of Ragusa, who joined in a country-dance, fell in the most unfortunate manner possible for a

woman, and almost at the feet of the Emperor. The disorder of her petticoats was such, that every body was really in pain, on account of the extreme confusion which they supposed she would feel. Quite otherwise: she recovered herself, and resumed the dance, without losing either time or step, as unconcerned as if the accident had not happened. The Emperor, who had felt some embarrassment on her account, turned to a person near him, laughing, and exclaimed, "*The ladies of Ragusa* "*for ever!*"

At one of these fêtes I found myself by the side of the Emperor. He did me the honour to address me: he talked of what he had seen in the morning; he had remarked particularly the famous porphyry urn which formerly contained the ashes of Agrippa, and is now converted into a tomb for Pope Urban. This circumstance gave him

an opportunity of making some observations which were marked by much wit and sprightliness. He wished afterwards to go into another room; and perceiving that he was surrounded by the company, he said to me: "I seem "to be at Rome like Moses in the "passage of the Red Sea: when I "present myself, the waves of the "crowd open before me, and close "again as soon as I have passed; and "if I look back, I see my brother with "his secretaries, and his captain of "guards, who, like Pharaoh, are over-"whelmed by them." His conversation in company was unaffected, cheerful, and sprightly: he shewed great solidity and discernment, and all his questions indicated the mind of an enlightened prince. His affability was that of a polite man of quality, without however at all detracting from the dignity of his rank. Mrs. Ann Pitt,

hearing much praise bestowed on the satisfaction which he appeared to have in making himself popular, said: "*Yes, he is quite proud of his humility.*" But in this like many other *bons-mots*, there was much more wit than truth.

CHAPTER VII.

Milan.—Marquis de Parabère.—A Rhinoceros.

We left Rome, that we might be at Venice at the feast of the Ascension. The Emperor was expected there, but he did not come. A man may have seen all the cities of Europe, and yet have no idea of Venice, and of the life that is led there. Instead of streets there are canals; and instead of carriages, boats, which are called gondolas. The nobles have magnificent palaces in the best style of building, but they receive scarcely any company in them. Their wives have small houses, (*casini,*) to which they go at night to receive their

friends, and where great ease and freedom prevail. The only one who is deprived of these advantages is the Doge, who can never leave the city without permission of the Senate. The government, always watchful for its safety, allows no discussion upon any thing relating to it: but though the mind is constrained, the manners are entirely free; nor is there any city where libertinism is more extensive, and less repressed, than at Venice.

I found the Marquis de Prié there, who had come to seek an asylum from what he called the persecution of the King of Sardinia. As his property had been sequestrated, he was reduced to his shifts, but adversity had not at all abated his spirit. In the midst of the wreck of his fortune, you might fancy you saw Marius seated among the ruins of Carthage.

I found also at Venice the Duke

de Braganza, (a near relation to the King of Portugal,) whom I had formerly seen at Turin. He was settled at Vienna; where his distinguished merit had contributed as much as his high birth, to conciliate the respect of the Empress Queen and all her court. I shall have occasion to speak more fully concerning him, in my account of that city. He was extremely friendly to me during my stay at Venice; he pressed me earnestly to go and see the Court of Vienna, and determined me by these words: "*Come thither, and you will see* "*whether I am one of your friends!*"

We proceeded to visit the rest of Lombardy; and arrived at Milan, where we stopped some time. I had long wished to be personally acquainted with the Count de Firmian, who was prime minister in the States of the House of Austria in Lombardy. Great as was his reputation for wisdom, po-

liteness, wit, and benevolence, I found that an acquaintance with him raised him still higher in my esteem. The simplicity of his manners set off his fine qualities to much advantage. He was fond of the arts and sciences, which he cultivated and encouraged.

There are many great and rich families at Milan. At the time that I was there, the families of *Litta*, *Clerici*, *Boromeo*, *Dada*, and *Zerbelloni* made the most conspicuous figure: the family of *Litta*, particularly, were distinguished for the politeness and hospitality with which they received foreigners. The Marchioness Cusani and the Countess Castiglione, daughters of the Marchioness Litta, who had been recently married, were brilliant ornaments of the court of the Princess of Modena; and the Marchioness Litta had brought up three or four other young ladies, whom she introduced into

the world with all the success which the good education that she had given them deserved. I called this family the nursery of the Graces; and far from being jealous of the name, the other ladies approved of it.

There is no city in Italy where foreigners are better received than at Milan; it is, indeed, the only one where they are invited to eat in the houses which they frequent. All the nobility speak French; and as to manners, they seem to have selected and adopted all that is most agreeable in the societies of Italy, France, and Germany. There are many very amiable women at Milan, and the education which they receive is admirably adapted to make them so. Among the men of talents were the Father Frisi, the Father Boscovich, and the Marquis Beccaria, whose conversation pleased me more than the perusal of a book

which he has since published; I mean his "Treatise on Style," in which he has forgotten to give example as well as precept. The Marquis Beccaria, however, was a man of great genius, and of perfect urbanity of manners.

Lord Algernon Percy had nearly become the dupe of a man who called himself the Marquis de Parabère, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the third legion in France. He used to meet him at the theatre, and spoke to me frequently of him. He was charmed with the Marquis de Parabère. I had some doubts of the authenticity of this personage, having never seen him in any genteel company. He had, he said, letters for the Count de Firmian, but he did not care to present them. I proposed that his Lordship should bring him to dine with us, that we might sound him; and after dinner I whispered to him: "He is an adventurer, an impostor;

" you will find that he will finish his " acquaintance by borrowing money " of you." His Lordship was quite hurt of my having so bad an opinion of his friend. Two days after he sent for me in the morning, to shew me a note which he had just received from the Marquis, begging him to lend him a hundred louis; and saying, that he was obliged to set out for Genoa, to negotiate bills of exchange for twenty thousand livres. I asked him to let me dictate the answer: in which I said, that his Lordship was much pleased at having an opportunity of being useful to him; and that if he would present the letters which he had for the Count de Firmian, he would save him the journey to Genoa, by negotiating the bills himself, through his banker at Milan. He excused himself under some pretence: I remained firm to my proposal: and he was embarrassed. He

thought to impose upon his Lordship by shewing him his bills of exchange, which he sent for his inspection. A single glance was quite sufficient to discover that they were forgeries. Lord Algernon was now convinced; but from motives of compassion, sent him a few louis. I then apprised Count Firmian of his character. He had already had his eyes upon him, and the Marquis was ordered to quit Milan in twenty-four hours. He set off alone on foot; and one of my friends, who had met him before, told me that he saw him, two days after, drive up to the best inn in Parma, in a post-chaise and four.

This was the only adventurer I met with during this journey. I had myself almost been the dupe of another, whom I had known at Turin; but I was excusable, as he was a Frenchman whom I met at the house of the French am-

bassador. He did not disclose his name; but the ambassador was in possession of his secret, approved of him, and presented him. He attached himself to me, and begged a letter for the English consul at Genoa. He set out: but two days after, having some suspicion of the probity of the man, from his affectation of great importance, and the parade he made about his equipages, which he said he had sent on before, I wrote by the post to the Consul, apprising him that my recommendation did not extend so far as to sanction any advances of money. My letter reached him very opportunely, at the very time when the Consul was going to advance him five hundred louis upon his bills on Marseilles. He waved the conclusion of the affair, and in the mean time another mine was sprung. The fellow ran off with some effects of the master of the house where he

lodged: he was pursued, taken, stripped of every thing, and left to seek other resources in fresh efforts of his invention.

Of all the dependants upon their wits that I have ever seen or heard of, a Dutch traveller mentioned to me by one of my friends, merits the palm. Mr. Bowlby told me, that when he was travelling in France, he met at Lyons a Dutch gentleman of some rank, but who was not rich. He generally dined with other foreigners at an ordinary: and spoke with earnestness of a wonderful animal, a rhinoceros, which was in that city; always pressing the newcomers to go and see this strange creature, whose singular qualities he extolled in such a manner, that he made some visit it more than once. Mr. Bowlby having met him in several cities, and seeing him always equally zealous on this subject, was desirous to find

out his motive. He discovered at last that the Dutch gentleman had found the means of obtaining a living by buying a rhinoceros, which he sent on before him, with a man whom he could trust, to all the great towns where he wished to stop; and introducing himself among foreigners into genteel company, he soon gave to the rhinoceros a celebrity which defrayed the expences of his own travels.

We arrived at Turin, where I had formed the design of passing five or six months. The number of my friends there made it more advantageous for Lord Algernon to stay there than any where else, on account of the facility with which I could have him favourably received at Court and in town. When we were presented, the Duke of Savoy had the goodness to congratulate his Lordship upon having such a friend as me; whose counsels, he said, he

could not do better than to follow. The King did him the honour to permit him to wear his hunting uniform, and to hunt with him, which gave him an opportunity of being frequently with the royal family. He was highly pleased with Turin. I was easy on his account, and enjoyed in full security the satisfaction of seeing friends to whom I was sincerely attached.

CHAPTER VIII.

Visit to Voltaire at Brucker.—Journey to Germany.

The marriage of the Dauphin and the Archduchess Antoinette had been agreed upon, and all the Imperial family were to be at Vienna on the occasion. Prince Charles of Lorraine went thither also, to receive the Archduke Maximilian, Coadjutor of the Teutonic order; and magnificent fêtes were preparing to celebrate these events. These circumstances determined us to go to Vienna; and we took the route by Geneva, as I wished to pay a visit to Voltaire, whom I had never seen, and who had invited me to visit him.

I have before mentioned that I published a pamphlet at Rome, entitled *The Tocsin*, in which infidelity was vigorously attacked, and false philosophy set in a proper light to expose its absurdity. Voltaire, Rousseau, and some others, without being named, had been drawn in rather strong colours; and somebody had taken the pains to send the work to Voltaire, and inform him that I was the author of it. I did not know that the *Tocsin* had reached him; and was not a little surprised, as I went into the room, to hear myself assailed with the following apostrophe: "Ah! ah! Sir; so it is you "who have sounded the *Tocsin* against "me?" I had not put my name to the *Tocsin*. It would not have been polite to avow myself the author, and I did not like to deny it; I therefore thought it best to leave the matter undecided. "M. de Voltaire," said I

without hesitation, " I am surprised " that you, who have so often com- " plained of the public for imputing " to you works to which you have not " put your name, should accuse me of " having written one which is not au- " thorised by mine."—" Ah! Sir, there " are true accusations and there are " false ones!" I replied, " that it " still remained to be known in which " class this was to be placed." He seem ed to be satisfied with this answer, and the conversation became general: I told him that I was going to Russia. " You are going to the country of tri- " umphs," said the philosopher, raising his voice: " do you go through Berlin?" —" Yes, Sir."—" You will see the " King of Prussia; make my compli- " ments to him, and tell him that I have " read his verses:" still speaking in the same tone. I cannot help wonder- ing at the vanity of a professed wit,

who could imagine that any man who had not lost his senses would carry so impertinent a message to a great monarch. This was nearly about the time when Voltaire had a dispute with the learned M. Larcher, relative to the signification of a Greek word: I perceived that he had a Greek dictionary opened at the word in question; and I left him, to give him an opportunity of studying his subject. I forgot to mention, that speaking of the quarrels of kings, so fatal to humanity, he said, still in the same voice: "These, Sir, are "those against whom the *Tocsin* should "be sounded;" and shortly after he published a pamphlet called the *Tocsin des Rois.*

We remained only three days at Geneva, being impatient to reach Vienna. We stopped some hours at Lausanne, to see M. Tissot; and the same time at Berne, to visit the celebrated M. Haller

ler. I was surprised to see the latter so well informed respecting what was going on in England: particularly when I learnt that he had no other means of intelligence than what was furnished by the English papers, which are full of falsehoods, absurdities, and news fabricated to fill up their sheet. I have sometimes seen in them old stories taken from Herodotus or Plutarch, modernized; and what is a still better joke, I have seen the same stories indiscriminately copied into the *Gazette de France*, under the article *London*. M. Haller, with more sagacity, used to discover the truth, by comparing together two or three of the papers which he received; and by suspending his judgment upon extraordinary occurrences, till he found them sufficiently confirmed, or at least not contradicted: and he thus formed a sort of political algebra, which amused him. He was, in fact,

very well informed himself. From Berne we went to Bâle and Schaffhausen, where we saw the fall of the Rhine, which, after that of Terni, is the most considerable in Europe; and in the opinion of some persons who have seen both, almost equal to that of Niagara in America.

I wished to go through Augsburg, to see the learned Brücker, the author of a Critical History of Ancient and Modern Philosophy, in six quarto volumes. He had assisted me with great zeal in my edition of Leibnitz; and I had besides the greatest veneration for this man, who had obtained much reputation by the merit of his work, which was one of the most useful productions of the age. We were a little embarrassed at our meeting: for he spoke neither English nor French; I did not understand German; and his Latin seemed to me to have as much of the

German, as mine seemed to him to partake of some foreign language. By degrees, however, our ears accommodated themselves to the difference of pronunciation; and I had every reason to be satisfied with the time which I spent with this respectable man, who died six months afterwards.

We passed through Germany without knowing one word of the language, which was extremely inconvenient to us. Fortunately I met with an innkeeper the first day who spoke Latin: he said that I might use that language during my whole journey; and that I should find that the greatest part of the innkeepers, and even the postilions, understood it, which proved to be true. Having asked my servant how he could make himself understood, he said, (humorously enough) that he spoke bad English, and they made German of it.

It may not be improper to introduce

in this place a curious remark upon the analogy between the English and the neighbouring languages. All the words of necessity are derived from the German, and the words of luxury and those used at table, from the French. The sky, the earth, the elements, the names of animals, household goods, articles of food,—all these are the same in German and in English; the fashions of dress, and every thing belonging to the kitchen, luxury, and ornament, are taken from the French: and to such a degree of exactness, that the names of the animals which serve for the ordinary food of men, such as *ox*, *calf*, *sheep*, when alive, are called the same in English as in German; but when they are served up for the table, they change their names, and are called *beef*, *veal*, *mutton*, after the French. Every reader will readily see the reasons.

At Lintz we met the Dauphiness,

who was going to Paris. We regretted that we had not arrived eight days sooner; but entertainments enough remained to be seen, to make us amends for what we had lost. We at last reached Vienna, where it was our intention to remain a fortnight or three weeks; the welcome reception we met with, however, induced us to stay there almost a year.

CHAPTER IX.

Residence at Vienna.—Picture of that Court.

Lord Stormont, with whom I had been previously acquainted, was at that time ambassador from England at the Court of Vienna. M. Langlois, secretary to the embassy, was one of my friends, and I calculated much upon the obliging expressions which the Duke de Braganza had made use of to me at Venice; so that I had every reason to expect a good reception at Vienna. Lord Stormont presented us to the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor immediately said, "We have seen each "other in Italy:" and the Empress,

learning whence we came, said: "Ah! "you come from Italy? you have then "seen my children!"

That great Princess might then have made the same remark to almost every traveller; for she had had the good fortune and address to form the greatest alliances and establishments for her children, beyond any example in history. Of four daughters whom she had married, one was Queen of France, another Queen of Naples, the third Duchess of Parma, and the fourth Governess of the kingdom of Hungary, where she held the rank of a Queen. Her eldest son was Emperor; her second Grand Duke of Tuscany; her third governed Lombardy, and lived at Milan as a sovereign Prince; her fourth was Coadjutor of the Electorate of Cologne, Bishop of Munster, and Grand-Master of the Teutonic Order; and the kingdom of Bohemia was still at

the disposal of the Empress, where she might have placed a son in-law if she had married the Princess Elizabeth: so that all her children were sovereigns, or held the rank and state of such: for those who resided in Lombardy, at Presburg, or in any other part of her dominions, enjoyed all the consideration in those states to which she herself would have been entitled.

During nearly a year that I passed at Vienna, I had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the character of that Princess; and I can truly say, that there are few Sovereigns in the annals of history whose virtues and great qualities shone with more lustre. Her firmness under her misfortunes, the genius and activity which she employed to extricate herself from them, the wisdom of her government, the choice of her ministers, her moderation, and her affection for her people, are known

to the whole world; but it is only in her states, and above all in Vienna, that her private virtues can be fully learnt. The love of her children, and the particular care which she has herself taken of their education; her piety, her liberality towards all around her, the constancy of her friendship for those whom she judged worthy of it, and her conduct towards them; every thing contributed to the honour of her heart and understanding. It was pleasing to see the freedom with which she sent every year, to invite herself to dine with those of the grandees of her Court whom she esteemed, either in town or in the country. In the latter case, she went with her guards, who quitted her at the door; and she was then guarded by her subjects, who were her friends. I have seen her thus at the house of Prince Esterhazi, and at Count Palfy's in Hungary, walking alone in the gar-

dens, or retiring into a summer-house with a book or her work. The master of the house took care to give orders that nobody should interrupt her in her moments of retirement, and every one of course had sufficient discretion not to obtrude where she was. In a word, I do not know which ought to be most admired; the very affable and confidential manner in which the Empress associates with her subjects, or the sweet return of love and veneration with which she is recompensed.

The Emperor follows, in this respect, the example of his august mother. I have already mentioned his affability at Rome: he conducted himself in the same manner at Vienna; with this difference, however, that seeing nobody about him but those he loved, he had always an unrestrained and pleasant air, which was infinitely prepossessing. I have had the honour of being often

in his presence; either in the boxes at the opera, or at some private houses; and I have always remarked in him that politeness which we admire in a private individual, accompanied with an air of dignity inseparable from his character. I know that it would be ridiculous in the extreme, to be at all flattered by a polite expression from a Prince who never used any other; and I hope nobody will believe me capable of such folly, if I relate the following incident:—One day, when I was playing at whist with some ladies of the Court, he approached the table: the ladies rose and sat down again at the same moment; and as I continued to remain standing, he took me by the arm, saying, "Sit down again, Sir; "you are jesting with me."—At another time I saw him in the pit of a private theatre in the house of Count Palfy, at Presburg. He was in uni-

form, and felt himself pushed by somebody who certainly did not know him: he turned round quickly; and seeing that it was a valet-de-chambre who was carrying refreshments to the company, he made way for him, saying, "He is right; he has more business "here than I have."—One night when there was a large party for cards at Court, the Emperor, who never plays, seeing that I was almost the only one besides who did not, did me the honour to place himself near me; and it was chiefly in conversation then that I had an opportunity of observing the penetration of his mind and the solidity of his judgment.

The day when we were presented at Court, Lord Stormont took us to visit the two principal ministers, who kept open house, Prince Kaunitz and Prince Colloredo, and introduced us to every body he found there. The next day

his secretary gave us a list of all the persons to whom we had been presented the evening before. We were to leave our names at their doors; and this procured us invitations to dinner from all the nobility, which prolonged our stay at Vienna from day to day, and from week to week, till the following year.

The Duke de Braganza had truly said, that "if I came to Vienna, I "should see whether he was one of my "friends." He enjoyed such high consideration there, that he had power to impart a portion of it to me; and he really did with as much warmth and zeal as he could have felt for a friend to whom he owed the greatest obligations, though I never had any other claim upon him than that of being highly sensible of his merits when I met him at Turin, and of having eagerly sought the honour of his acquaintance.

The Duke de Braganza had possessed great influence with the King of Portugal; but the Count d'Oeyras, since Marquis de Pombal, who was then beginning to obtain an ascendancy at that Court, seeing that the talents and capacity of the Duke de Braganza would always be an obstacle to his ambition, formed a thousand intrigues against him. He went so far, that he at last gave him some cause for dissatisfaction, which made him resolve upon leaving his country, and visiting the different Courts of Europe. He came to Vienna during the war, where he offered his services to the Empress: and he distinguished himself so much in the army by his valour, his zeal, his generosity, and his humanity, that though he had no command, and acted only as a volunteer, he became the idol of the soldiers; and there were several occasions on which his personal cou-

rage produced the decision of an important action, and was of more service than the skill of the general. The grateful Empress detained him at Vienna by the respect with which she treated him. Ministers and courtiers subscribed without difficulty to the justice which was rendered him: his uncommon merit appeared to have raised him above jealousy. The ladies thought they beheld in him one of those champions of old times, who are no longer to be met with but in the records of chivalry. He respected all; but he attached himself more particularly to the Princess Esterhazi, who enjoyed the especial favour of the Empress. In short, he possessed great talents and an exalted mind, and an extreme delicacy in all that concerned honour, friendship, and affection. Such was the friend whom I had the happiness to meet with at Vienna. He took so

much pains in producing a favourable opinion of me in company, that in eight days time I became intimately acquainted with all his select associates; particularly with the Prince de Kaunitz, who never admitted any one to his intimacy but with great caution.

The manner of living at Vienna is more rational and more sociable than any that I have experienced elsewhere. Dinner-parties are very frequent. After dinner they converse or play till evening; when they go to the play or the opera, and from thence to such houses as may be open: where every one selects his own party; or, if he prefers it, retires to the private society of a few friends, who meet every day at the house of one of the ministers, or of some other person belonging to their circle. In these parties wit and gaiety are constantly to be met with; without any traces of that sullen pride which forms

no part of their character, whatever may be said by persons who pretend to talk of the Germans without ever having been among them.

It is true that the family of Lorraine has contributed not a little to banish from the Court of Vienna the severe etiquette which prevailed there. Francis I. admitted many of the principal officers of the crown to his table: he passed the greatest part of his time in their company, animated the conversation by his good humour, and was remarkable for telling a story with spirit and gaiety. I have heard his physician mention several pleasant anecdotes which clearly shew his character to have been mild, cheerful, and good-natured, and such as made him the idol of his Court. I met with none who ever spoke of him but with emotion.

CHAPTER X.

Characters of the Prince de Kaunitz and some other Persons at the Court at Vienna.

THE Court of Vienna is rendered magnificent by the number of noblemen and princes of the first families of Germany, of which it is formed. It is by no means uncommon to see sovereign princes at the Court of Vienna, who have served in the armies of the Emperor. I have seen a brother and a nephew of the King of Poland, a brother of the Empress of Russia, and the Princes of Hesse, of Anhalt, and of Saxony, among a crowd of courtiers. Prince Esterhazi and Prince Lichtenstein are more powerful subjects than

any of the great subjects of the Kings of France, England, or Spain; their revenues are as considerable as the richest among them, and their privileges are more extensive. I have been at the house of Prince Esterhazi, in Hungary. He had two hundred guards encamped before his castle; the captain of his guards dined with him. After dinner an excellent band of music played while he took coffee; and he had two companies of comedians constantly in his retinue, one German and the other Italian. I know of no such establishment belonging to any other subject in Europe. I was at Presburg when he gave a ball and supper to the Empress, at a league from the city. The supper was of three hundred covers; and the refreshments at the ball were served by fifty of his guards, to whom he had on that occasion given uniforms embroidered with gold.

The Duke of Wirtemberg was formerly attached to the House of Austria, and during one campaign brought ten thousand men to its assistance. There is a very good anecdote upon this subject. Being entrusted with a separate command, he entered Lower Lusace with ten thousand men; where having established himself, he took some prisoners. Upon this he wrote to the King of Prussia to propose an exchange of prisoners. The King, who at that time had Prince Louis, the brother of the Duke of Wirtemberg, in his service, returned him this answer: "Sir, I have received your letter, by "which I learn that you are carrying "on war against me: your brother is "charged with my answer." He had ordered Prince Louis, with five thousand men, to drive the Duke his brother, and his ten thousand men, out of Lusace.

The circle I most frequented was that of the Prince de Kaunitz, who was himself its greatest attraction. His constant occupations, added to the consideration of twenty-five years of a happy, wise, and irreproachable administration, naturally induced those who visited him to study his inclination and his amusement, and to render his leisure agreeable to him. Mesdames de Thein and de Walstein, the Countess de Berger, and some other very respectable ladies, the Duke de Braganza, and Lord Stormont, were the principal persons who formed this society; a few foreigners and some others whose wit and talents supplied the deficiency of high birth were also admitted. Among the latter, Langier, Physician to the King, was conspicuous for his taste, the delicacy and pleasantry of his wit, and the fertility of his imagination. Nobody had more deeply studied the art

of being happy; and none knew better how to enjoy happiness himself, or to make others acquainted with it. He used to say, "at twenty-five we kill "pleasure, at thirty we enjoy it, at "forty we husband it, at fifty we hunt "after it, and at sixty we regret it." He was the St. Evremond of Vienna, with this difference; that his hero, the Duke de Braganza, possessed more fine qualities and fewer faults than the Count de Grammont.

Prince Kaunitz was certainly one of the greatest ministers who ever governed a great empire. The wisdom and integrity of his administration were in no respect inferior to those of Sully: like him, he had taken the reins of Government in difficult times, and immediately after a long and expensive war; like Sully, he had organized and arranged the finances, paid the debts of the state, and established the

public credit so firmly, that when I was at Vienna, the interest of money in that capital was below four per cent. His moderation induced him to resign this department, in order to employ himself wholly in that of foreign affairs; which embraced the government of the Austrian possessions in Flanders, Italy, and other distant parts. He possessed the confidence of the public to such a degree, that even during the war he never was in want of money. The Baron de Frise, banker to the Court, told me, that he frequently transacted the most important affairs with the Prince de Kaunitz in a few words; so much reliance did he place upon the firmness of his measures in every thing that he undertook. The Prince would acquaint him that he wanted so many millions, upon such and such funds, which would be received at such a time: the Baron required no more; he

wrote to Madame Nettine at Brussells, to M. de la Borde at Paris, and elsewhere; the money was advanced, and the funds never failed to be received at the appointed time.

The Prince de Kaunitz himself told me, that one day, in a council of finance, he proposed a tax, for which the farmers-general offered a price very much below its value. The council thought it most advisable, however, to accept their bidding; Prince Kaunitz alone objected to it, and took upon himself the care of raising the tax. It produced two millions of florins more than the price offered for it, without any difficulty; and on the first day of the year, he waited on the Empress with this surplus, which he told her he had brought for her new-year's gift.

Under the administration of Prince Kaunitz, agriculture and manufactures

flourished, the public roads were improved, commerce increased; and neither cabal nor envy has been able to blacken a single action of the longest ministry that has ever been known under an arbitrary government. In a word, the strongest proof that can be given of the propriety of his government, is, that his rivals or enemies have never imputed either vices or errors to him; but have been obliged to obtrude into the sanctuary of his retirement, to discover some of his singularities in private life for subjects of reproach. One of these envious persons, whom by the by Prince Kaunitz had frequently served, had the indiscretion one day, at the Prince's own table, to attempt to entertain me with some frivolous observations of this nature. He was desirous even to treat him with ridicule; when I interrupted him, saying: "Sir, the greatest praise that

" can be bestowed upon a minister
" who has been five-and-twenty years
" at the head of affairs, is, that there
" is nothing more to reproach him with
" than what you have mentioned."

The Prince de Kaunitz was a man of deep penetration, and possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind: he had spirit and genius; and was so well versed in the duties of his office, that he frequently dictated to several secretaries at the same time. He was serious in public; but amiable, mild, and cheerful, among his friends. He respected virtue and truth; and he had so decided an aversion for vice and falsehood, that he never entered into conversation with an unprincipled man, however high his rank, unless it was absolutely necessary. He kept me standing a long time one night, at his parting to talk to me, without having any thing material to say. When I was

going to leave him, he called me back: "Do not quit me," said he: "there "is Prince * * * waiting to talk "with me; but he is such a liar, "that his conversation is painful to me, "and I do not wish to have any thing "to say to him."

Among the ladies who at that time graced the Court of Vienna, the Princesses of Lichtenstein, (and particularly the Princess Charles), the Princess d'Auersperg, and the Duchess d'Aremberg, were the most remarkable. The last, though she was the first female subject of the Empress in Flanders, was no more than a foreigner at Vienna, whither she seldom came. She was perfectly beautiful; but so reserved, that she was charged with being haughty. The Duke de Braganza escorted her every where, and was a great admirer of her. He presented me one day to the Duchess, at the house of Prince

Kaunitz, to be her partner at play; and the turn of his introduction appeared both new and gallant. "Madam," said he, "permit me to have the "honour of presenting to you one "of my friends, to whom I owe a "thousand obligations;" and then turning suddenly round to me, said, "Now, Sir, I conceive our obligations "are mutual."

The Prince de Ligne, one of the principal noblemen of Flanders, was also at Vienna at that time. It would require a volume to describe him, and even then nobody would comprehend his character; let it suffice to say, that every feature of it would appear either amiable or agreeable. His society was delightful, particularly when he was seconded by the Chevalier de Boufflers; and the Chevalier was very well pleased with Vienna.

I had the pleasure of supping fre-

quently with them, at the houses of the Countess Esterhazi, the Countess Lignowski, and some other persons of distinction. Nothing could be more brilliant and more animated than their conversations: both amused themselves with writing verses, and succeeded well; and particularly the Chevalier de Boufflers, who was justly considered the most pleasing poet of France. He had been six months at Vienna, and thence he proposed proceeding to join the army in Poland. Since that time he has travelled in Switzerland; whence he wrote letters to his mother which have been printed, and which contain many interesting strokes of wit and humour.

The mother of the Chevalier de Boufflers, the Marchioness de Boufflers, was a lady of great wit; but she must not be confounded, nor even compared, with the Countess de Boufflers, men-

tioned in the second part of these memoirs. The latter was superior to the other in figure, in charms, in wit, and in talents. The Marchioness, however, was very amiable: she spent much of her time in Lorraine; and it is even said that Stanislaus, King of Poland, though very far advanced in years, was greatly captivated with her. He knew too that his Chancellor, who was much younger than himself, was in love with her; and one day, when the Chancellor came to see her, he withdrew, kissing her hand several times; and, looking tenderly at her, said, "*My Chancellor will tell you the "rest.*"

The Archduke Maximilian was admitted coadjutor of the Teutonic order, of which Prince Charles was grand-master; and upon that occasion the most brilliant fêtes were given at Court. I will not undertake to describe them

all; but I cannot pass over in silence a masked ball which was given at the house of the late Prince Eugene, at a seat about a league from the city. Though the house was extremely large, a hall of four hundred feet in length was added along the whole front of the building. This was illuminated with more than a hundred thousand glass lamps; and next to the illumination of Saint Peter's at Rome, was the finest I ever saw. The apartments were lighted up with eighteen thousand wax candles; there were six thousand persons at the ball; and the director of the fête told me, that he had prepared supper for ten thousand. Every thing had been so well attended to, that even physicians, and surgeons, had been provided, in case of accidents.

The Empress afterwards wished to go with her whole family to Presburg;

and the Archduchess Maria Christiana went on before, to receive them. I went thither with Lord Algernon Percy, and Mr. Greville, son of Lord Warwick. Prince Esterhazi and Count Palfy distinguished themselves among the great nobles of Hungary, who received the Empress at their houses. I have already mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, the entertainment which the Prince gave on the occasion.

Presburg is a very handsome city, situated upon the Danube, and is the capital of Hungary: it is the place where the states meet, and where the government of the kingdom resides. The Archduchess, Maria Christiana, stayed there with her husband, Prince Albert of Saxony, who was captain-general of Hungary.

That Princess kept her court at Presburg, which was more brilliant than that of many kings in Europe, and she

did the honours of it with charming affability and grace. She was the handsomest of all the sisters; and danced with so much nobleness, ease, and lightness, that nobody can imagine a more delightful sight, than her exercises of this kind. At night the persons of rank went to court, where the whole company assembled in a large hall. The ladies of the Archduchess, and the Archduchess herself, arranged the parties. Nothing could surpass the politeness with which the guests were received there. The Empress once said to the Duke de Braganza, "The sight of "this hall always affects me to such a "degree, that I am sometimes ready "to shed tears: a long time ago, a very "interesting scene took place here." I asked the Duke, the same night, what that event was; and he related to me the following circumstance:—When the Empress Queen was so closely pur-

sued by her enemies, that there was hardly a city in Germany in which she could remain with safety, she retired to Presburg, and assembled her states. She was then young, of a fine figure, and of dazzling beauty. She appeared in the midst of the Palatines of Hungary in a black robe, but with all the splendour of her personal charms: her son, who was then two or three years old, was in her arms. When she had taken her place upon the throne, and the assembly had become silent, she rose; and giving her son to one of her ladies of honour, addressed them in the Latin language (which she spoke extremely well), and represented to them in pathetic terms her unfortunate situation. She was so deeply affected while she was delivering this discourse, that she drew tears from the eyes of these brave nobles: but when she said that she had no resour-

except in their zeal, and that she had come to implore their help, the Palatines could restrain their feelings no longer; but without suffering her to conclude, they all rose up at the same instant, and drawing their swords, cried out with an unanimous voice, "*Moriemur pro Rege nostra Maria Theresa.—We will die for our King Maria Theresa**;" and they immediately brought into the field an army which re-established her upon the throne of her ancestors.

I saw a man at Vienna, who had undertaken to describe the life of the Empress by medals; and he had been stupid enough to omit this incident, so proper for the subject of a medal, for

* This was the expression which the Palatines made use of, in spite of grammar; so strongly are they attached to the idea of being governed by *Kings*.

which the exclamation of the Palatines should be the legend. When I suggested it to him, he was quite astonished that he had never thought of it before.

CHAPTER XI.

Presburg: Automaton Chess-player.—Prague, Dresden, Leipzick.

I HAD heard of a wonderful automaton chess-player, invented by M. de Kempell, an Hungarian gentleman. I went to see it; and played a game with it, in the presence of several ambassadors and noblemen, who desired to be of the party. Of twelve or fifteen persons who were there, nobody perceived the communication which the inventor had with the automaton. I have so completely explained it, by the description which I published of this game at chess in all the public journals, and other periodical works of

the time, that I shall say no more upon the subject here.

The Archduchess Maria Christiana asked me, next day, what I thought of it; and seemed delighted when I told her, that there was nothing of the kind in Europe which could be compared with what I had seen at Presburg. I wrote a letter upon the subject, which was inserted in the foreign journals. Some person, who had not comprehended me, made objections, which obliged me to reply; and this also appeared in the journals. The following winter, the Archduchess, seeing me at a ball, called me to her; and asked me if I was not the author of the reply, which she had that very morning read to the Empress. I answered, "Yes." —"Ah! I was right," replied she, "when I told my mother it was you "who had taken our part."

Before we left Presburg, I thoug'

fit proper to go and pay our respects to the Archduchess. Lord Algernon declined accompanying me, but Mr. Greville went with me. While we were at Court, he came up to me to say that we were invited to dine with the Archduchess on the next day; but that he had declined, saying that we were obliged to return to Vienna. I was extremely sorry at his refusal: I told him that such an invitation was an order, which nobody ever excused himself from obeying. He was sensible of it; and begged me earnestly to support what he had said, if I should be spoken to upon the subject, so that he might not be exposed to the reproach of having so ill known his duty upon such an occasion. The Archduchess herself came to me a moment after; and, in the most affable and obliging manner in the world, said, "Is there no means of persuading you

" to stay and dine with us to-morrow?" I felt exceedingly displeased at finding myself obliged to refuse, so much against my inclination; but from complaisance towards Mr. Greville, and out of regard for Lord Algernon, who would have been mortified at not being invited, I persisted in the excuse of our being absolutely obliged to leave Presburg that very day; and we set out immediately after the Court broke up.

We continued to enjoy the charms of the society of Vienna. I the more willingly resolved to pass the winter there, as such a residence was desirable for Lord Algernon Percy. He could not fail to spend his time in good company, for there is no other for foreigners; and as young men in general are only led to prefer bad company because it comes more frequently in their way, they go readily into respectable society when to seek bad company would occasion them muc

more trouble, as is the case at Vienna. The French language is universally spoken among the higher classes of nobility; but in inferior circles never, which occasions foreigners to be soon tired of their company.

I was every day at the house of Prince Kaunitz, who honoured me with his good-will; which, added to the friendship of the Duke de Braganza, and the civilities of Lord Stormont, made my time pass pleasantly and rapidly in that city. I even think that I should still have been there, if the design which we had of going to Russia had not rendered it necessary to prepare for our departure. Prince Kaunitz did me the honour to give me his portrait when I took leave of him. He invited me to return to Vienna; and, as an inducement, he offered me an apartment in his palace. I have received letters from him since my return to England, in which he pressed me to keep my

word with him, and told me that my apartment was ready for my reception. I had a great inclination to visit him, because I was really attached to him; and I have always preserved the desire, though I have never been able to gratify it.

We passed through Bohemia, which did not appear to me to wear a very pleasing face. It abounds in corn, and has also some considerable forests; but what surpasses all belief, and is nevertheless very true, is the prodigious quantity of game of all sorts, which abounds in that kingdom. The Prince Colloredo gave me an account of a hunting party which the Emperor Francis I. made in the year 1755. There were twenty-three persons in the party, three of whom were ladies; the Princes Charlotte de Lorraine was one of them. The chace lasted eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950

head of game and wild deer; of which 19 were stags, 77 roebucks, 10 foxes, 18,243 hares, 19,545 partridges, 9,499 pheasants, 114 larks, 353 quails, and 54 other birds. The Emperor fired 9,798 shots, and the Princess Charlotte 9,010: in all, there were 116,209 shots fired.

We staid a few days at Prague, to visit two or three of our friends from Vienna. We dined at the house of a lady whose name I have forgotten, where I remarked a custom which is general in the great houses of Bohemia and Saxony; it is that of keeping a dwarf, as we have a favourite dog or cat. Some of these are well-made and very well proportioned. The late King Stanislaus had a very small one which amused him much, and sometimes walked upon the table conversing with his guests. He had him once served up in a large pie, from which he came

forth, to the great astonishment of some foreign princes, who had never seen him, and who dined with the King. He has been dead some years; but I saw his figure in wax, dressed in his usual clothes. He was about the height of a child of four years old. The one I saw at Prague dined with the company, and was a little conceited fellow, who talked loudly during the whole time of dinner. He was waited upon by another dwarf, frightfully deformed, who diverted me a good deal, by the side-looks which he from time to time cast upon the one he served, and who had no other advantage over him than that of being better formed.

At Dresden we found Sir Robert Keith, who was the minister at that Court from England. He had just received his appointment to the Court of Denmark, where he was very sorry to go. He was so well acquainted with

the imprudent conduct of Struensée, who had already abused his influence, that he foresaw all the disagreeable events which happened the following year. He conducted himself on that occasion with equal ability and sagacity; and he shewed so much address, spirit, and firmness, that Lord Rocheford, who was at that time secretary of state, declared, that it was useless to give him any instructions, and that if the King and all his council had been at Copenhagen, they could not have done better.

Sir Robert Keith presented us to the Elector and Electress of Saxony. What was remarkable in this presentation, and what was the custom of that Court only, was, that we waited upon the Elector and Electress in a dining-hall, where Sir Robert presented us. The Elector invited us to dine with him, and we immediately sat down to table.

There was nobody there besides their Royal Highnesses, except the *grand-maîtresse* and the grand equerry, who seated himself at the table with his boots and spurs. We supped, at another time, with the Dowager Electress, the mother of the Elector, a very enlightened Princess, and who had a great fund of conversation.

We were once admitted to the private theatre of the Court. The actors were all persons of distinction, and were performing a tragedy of Racine with so strong and so marked a German accent, that I had all the difficulty in the world to keep from laughing during the whole representation.

We saw the house of the famous Count de Bruhl, which the King of Prussia, from enmity to that minister, had converted into a guard-house. His wardrobe was a curious spoil: according to the Marquis d'Eguille, it con-